

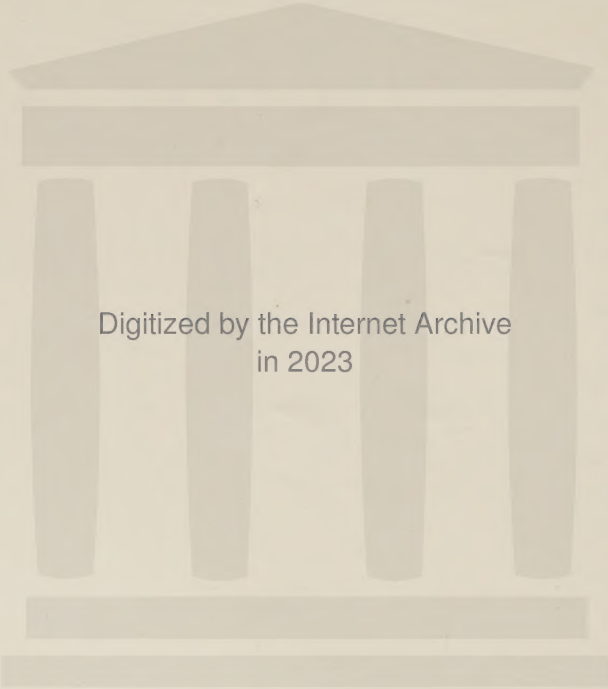
# "Bishop Sunbeams"



Metcalf



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THE "BISHOP"



*"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet  
of him that bringeth good tidings." — Isaiah 52:7.*

# "Bishop Sunbeams"

Other Stories of Service

By RICHARD L. METCALFE

Author of "Of Spots in the Kingdom"

1909

THE WOODRUFF-COLLINS PRESS  
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, U. S. A.



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*To the love-light in the mother's eyes; and  
To the laughter of the little child.*





*“There are many kinds of love, as many kinds of light,  
And every kind of love makes a glory in the night.  
There is love that stirs the heart, and love that gives it rest,  
But the love that leads life upward is the noblest and  
the best.”*

*—Henry Van Dyke.*



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The poem entitled "The Invisible Playmate" and printed on page 69 was written by Mr. Folger McKinsey of the Baltimore Sun and together with other verses will be found in a little volume entitled "A Rose of the Old Regime" published by Doxey Book Shop Company, Baltimore.



## “Bishop Sunbeams”

**A** SUN-FULL day in a love-full world.  
A tiny violet, in color the image of  
the sky above it, in language the first  
token of another springtime.

A little child with cheeks aglow with health  
and heart in tune with hope.

A little child—and a little flower; a little  
sun—and a little love—and health, and heart,  
and hope!

The very beginning of life, but, as well,  
the very ending of it—and, more than that,  
the very all of it.

The little one, kneeling on the ground,  
seemed to be talking to his floral companion.  
Attracted by the picture I paused and ad-  
dressing the child inquired:

“What are you doing there?”

“Dess talking to de fowder.”

“Can it hear?” I asked.

“Tose it tan hear! Don’t you see it’s  
listenin’?”

And sure enough the little violet, with its head turned on one side, seemed for all the world to be listening and to be interested—even as I was interested.

"I tan say it," said the child, interrupting my reverie.

"You can say what?" I asked.

"I tan say where it tame from."

"Say it, if you please."

Settling himself well upon his little heels, and spreading out his kilted skirt, the child leveled his forefinger at the flower and in the sweet treble that is music to the souls of millions of men and women in generation succeeding generation began:

"I know boo, modest biolet  
Dleamin' at dewy morn;  
I know de place oo tame fum  
And de way dat oo wuz born;

When Dod tut de holes in de heaben  
To let de stars shine fru  
He let de scaps fall down to earf  
And dose 'ittle scaps wuz oo."

And that was my introduction, when I was but a boy, to "Bishop Sunbeams," the little lover of all things true.

---

"Bishop Sunbeams," as I learned on investigation, was the youngest in a large family of



children, none other of whom possessed any distinguishing trait; but perhaps the appreciation they ever displayed for the genius or the goodness of others was the most practical proof of their own genius and goodness.

The Benjamin of the flock, it was strange that coming when his brothers and sisters were well-nigh matured the "Bishop" had not been spoiled by the attentions showered upon him. But from the first moment when his tiny blue eyes opened upon the world and gazed into the eyes of those who were glad to welcome him and to care for him, this child seemed to be a very dynamo of love.

His father, a physician whose whole life had been one of service; his mother, a sweet-faced woman whose home had ever been the arena for intellectual activity, the "Bishop" seemed, from the beginning, to be well equipped for the earning of his nick-name, a part of which he obtained on the second day of his eventful career.

They were searching for a name for the newcomer. "Uncle Ben," a highly privileged person, was kneeling at the mother's bedside, his great forefinger fastened firmly in the clutch of a baby's little pink fist. "Uncle

Ben'' seemed born into privileges—and responsibilities—and counselorship. He had the frame of a giant, the mind of a sage and the heart of a child. His old style silken hair and beard were as white as the snows of the seventy winters he had seen—with soul to match it all for purity.

When some one asked, "What shall we call him?" the little fellow, holding to "Uncle Ben's'' proffered forefinger, and looking up into his fine old face, smiled, just as the window curtain fluttered and a pair of sunbeams danced over the baby's face and then played hide and seek among the pillows on which he lay. And "Uncle Ben'' chucking the youngster under his pudgy chin said simply—and conclusively—"We'll call him Sunbeams."

And "Sunbeams'' it was; and "Sunbeams'' it remained, although there was another name perhaps more dignified in appearance but certainly not so full of meaning. "Sunbeams'' it remained until perhaps a year later when the father, impressed with the "calling'' of this child of love, declared that he was destined to become a bishop. And so from the babyhood of this sweetheart of the human

race "Bishop Sunbeams," was the name by which he was known.

The bishop of a church not built with hands but eternal in the hearts of men; a sunbeam to every created thing with which, or whom, he came in contact!

---

How many epochs there are in the life of every child of love!

Everyone who knew the "Bishop" remembers the first time he was placed in his little cart and set out into the front yard. Even then the sunbeams seemed to hunt him out and to take delight in lingering within the folds of the coverlet that was spread above his little limbs.

A shaggy dog, kindly of eye, but weary with travel, and thin from lack of food, turned from the roadway and found rest under the very tree from which the crowd of little sunbeams had dropped when they espied the one who was destined to do honor to their race, and sought his companionship.

As the tired dog lay panting within a few feet of the little cart, a nurse girl placed a warm and well filled bottle within the baby's hands.

The cooing of the little one ceased and then

followed the smacks and grunts which have been familiar sounds in every generation of men.

The old dog caught sight of the baby and staggering over to the little cart, cast an inquisitive, not to say hungry look, into the vehicle.

At the same moment the baby caught sight of the dog. Removing the bottle from his mouth with a jerk, the little fellow smiled and gurgled. In his glee he kicked the coverlet partly out of place, rudely disturbing the dignity of a group of little sunbeams that had settled down for an afternoon of it. His right fist holding tightly to the milk bottle went to one side of the cart, while he gazed into the eyes of his strange visitor.

Poking his nose under the baby's chin and making the little fellow laugh all the more with his "tickling," the dog worked the bottle from the baby's hand, took lazy hold of the nipple, and then began a long but futile effort to absorb the baby's dinner.

It was at this moment that a little bird, with breast the color of the golden rod, perched upon the framework of the cart and just above the baby's head. As the mother stepped upon the porch, she saw a pretty

picture: A hungry dog, seeking succor at a baby's bottle, a sweet voiced bird, singing its song of praise above a baby's head, the baby itself laughing with delight, the sunbeams dancing in their joy—and love ruling over all.

---

Early in the babyhood of this loving and beloved child, it came to be known far and wide within the neighborhood of his home, that wherever his cart was anchored for the hour, there were the headquarters of both birds and beasts.

The shaggy dog which had tried to drain his bottle dry on the first day of their acquaintance had adopted him for his master, and would not be driven away. No artist ever conceived a more striking picture than that provided for the eyes of thoughtful men, when the old dog, now well fed and free from care, stood, as he often did, for moments of time, gazing into the blue eyes of the little "Bishop"—the little "Bishop" of his church! And the feathered songster of whom we have already heard, came again and again to worship at that shrine, bringing to the service others of his kind and sharing with his fellows the cakes, as well as the smiles, of the

sweet-faced prelate who ministered unto them. Just as darkness is only the absence of light, so fear on the part of man, or bird, or beast is only the absence of truth; and where fear has not been admitted to the consciousness of a human being, or having been admitted has been conquered, the fruits of the victory are shared by all who come in contact with the conquerer. And so it seemed that every creature that came to live within the "Bishop's" world, drove fear from out its heart and yielded to the gentle sway of love. Nor was there any art in the operation of this creed or in the service of its church. It seemed to be as natural and orderly for the birds to eat from the "Bishop's" hands or for the kittens to purr about the dog at the side of the little cart, as it was for the sunbeams to mingle freely with other members of that strange congregation.

---

The little church had long been established, and the "Bishop" had learned to toddle when, one day, he found a hen that had been cooped up in order that it might be fattened for food. Liberating the hen from its prison he admitted it to the charmed circle where "Bob," the dog, "Babe," the faithful mare,



and birds innumerable, with the three kittens, “Winkum” and “Blinkum” and “Nod,” lived and loved, with their little master, among the sunbeams.

When the day’s play was over the hen was not returned to her prison pen. Instead the “Bishop,” with his own hands, carried her to the barn and gave to her the strangest of all strange roosting places—on the very neck of the good mare “Babe.” It was entirely in keeping with the law of that circle, that “Babe” not only took kindly to the innovation, but accepted it as a part of her honorable and loving service, while the little hen not only came to prefer her strange roosting place to any other, but insisted upon taking further liberties to the extent of sharing “Babe’s” dinner.

It seemed also a part of the fulfillment of this law that “Uncle Ben” was the first to discover the little hen’s roosting place, and that, pleased with the friendship that had grown between horse and hen, he should give orders that under no circumstances should the little fowl be killed. And so from the very beginning of his eventful career, this little child exchanged the love tokens of faithful service with every creature.

Not only the animate but the inanimate seemed to respond to his call. It was believed in the family, as it came to be accepted in the community, that to get "Bishop Sunbeams" to plant a tree, a shrub, or a flower, meant to insure its perfect growth; and it is now a tradition which no one has had the temerity to challenge, that, from the hour of curly locks to the day of silvery hair, every seed committed to earth by his gentle hand, reached the full fruition of the law.

The villagers recognizing—and even defending, if need be—this reputation for their gentle neighbor, were often the beneficiaries of his faithful service. The assertion of the "Bishop's" authority, came so naturally, so gently—and so conclusively—that in the effort to explain it it could not be lowered to the level of mere mastery. Early in this history, it came to be known that it was not the authority of the master, nor the power of the giant, but rather the understanding of the little child—the understanding of the meaning of the heart's great Lawgiver, whose law is the law of love, within whose presence every knee shall bend and every tongue confess.

---

They had planted a bed of pansies. Every one of the little flowers, "purple with love's

wound," was splashed with mud; yet the mud only brought out the beauty lines, and the contentment for which the pansy shall ever stand shone out of every pansy face.

The pansy! "That's for thoughts," you know.

"I send thee pansies while the year is young,  
Yellow as sunshine, purple as the night;  
Flowers of remembrance, ever fondly sung  
By all the chiefest of the sons of light;  
And if in recollection lives regret  
For wasted days, and dreams that were not true,  
I tell thee that the 'pansy freaked with jet'  
Is still the heart's-ease that the poets knew.  
Take all the sweetness of a gift unsought,  
And for the pansies send me back a thought."

There is something in this little flower that touches all who come in contact with it. The very planting of a pansy bed is a soothing pastime.

When this particular bed had been finished, some one told the story of the pansy's simple, yet useful career. It did not rank high in the official positions awarded by the botanists; but it had rendered good service in song and story. In legend it had sacrificed its perfume, in order that the corn might be saved as food for the poor; in Bunyan's "Valley of Humil-

iation," it had been pointed out as the herb called "heart's-ease," which drove the pain from out the hearts of men; to the king it yielded first obedience, promptly doing his will, and then gave knowledge, showing the power of a simple and contented service. The "Flower of the Trinity" it seems to "stir beneath one's smile, like living thing," and with its calm, sweet face, it woos the troubled hearts of men to peace.

The "Bishop" had listened attentively to the story of the pansy's life. As the party turned to leave, he lingered. Kneeling at every corner of the flower bed, he stooped and planted kisses upon several of the up-lifted pansy faces, saying to the modest flower, with whose good service he had been so well impressed, "Good-night, I love you every one!" Often after that he called for pansy tales, and lingered long and lovingly beside the pansy bed.

---

It was when the "Bishop" was perhaps five years of age, that I had noticed him, on several occasions, passing my home with a little basket on his arm. Invariably he went to a large lot, vacant but for the many weeds that grew upon it.

I noticed that the "Bishop" spent much time wandering about this lot and so tall were the weeds that one could scarcely see the little form that moved among them.

One day I happened to go up the street soon after the "Bishop" had returned from one of his pilgrimages to the weed lot. I overtook him while he was sitting on the grass beside a basket which seemed to be filled with ugly weeds.

"Well 'Bishop,' " I said, "what in the world are you doing with those weeds?"

"Dem's not weeds; dem's fowders," he retorted with some spirit.

"But I see they are ugly weeds," I insisted.

"Dat's tause you tan't see dem wight," he answered.

Then one by one he picked up a number of these "fowders," and arranging them with a fine regard for colors, he held up a chubby fist filled with what I then recognized as a beautiful arrangement of really beautiful weed flowers.

"Don't you see now dey are fowders?" he asked.

When I cheerfully admitted my mistake he said, "You tan find pretty fings every place if you only look!"

"You tan find pretty fings every place if you only look!" Ah "Bishop!" but sometimes these things so clear to the child playing at his mother's knee, have been "hid from the wise and prudent."

---

"Daddy," said the "Bishop" one evening, as he nestled in his father's arms, "I love you!"

"Bishop," said his father, holding the child at arm's length and looking steadily into his blue eyes, "Tell me what is love?"

For a moment the child seemed buried in thought and then throwing his arms around his father's neck, exclaimed, "Oh, daddy, if I could tell you, it wouldn't be it."

Greater truth was never uttered by full grown man!

Love is not to be told. It has been hinted in song and story, and even there it is but the reflection. To be understood it needs to be lived, to be felt, to be demonstrated.

The little "Bishop" of this story lived love, felt love, demonstrated love.

While a mere baby he entered his mother's room one evening with arms filled with toys. The mother with bare feet resting upon a stool, was brushing her hair. Dropping his load of toys, the little fellow knelt, as at a



holy shrine, before the woman who gave him birth, and then planted kiss after kiss upon her feet.

Once he saw a bird fall to the street, wounded by a stone flung from a sling held by a thoughtless boy. Hesitating, for the moment, to show a sign of “weakness,” before lads who were weak enough to be cruel, he finally made bold to pick up the wounded bird. Then carrying it to his home he begged his mother to minister to it; and then from out his own dear heart he showed it all the love he had; and that was boundless as the sea.

At another time, when it was necessary to take from a mother hen half a dozen little chickens, the “Bishop” adopted them, gave them shelter in a blanket, and fed them from his own hand. He had but to scratch on wood or stone, and the little chicks hurried to his hand. It was an amusing sight, indeed, when in later days, the chicks being returned to their mother, the “Bishop” would contest with the mother hen for authority over the little creatures. The “Bishop” would scratch and the chicks would hasten to him. The mother, greatly disturbed, would cluck, but she clucked in vain. The little chicks had

learned that the soft hand of their benefactor was full of good things.

But the fulfillment of the law came, and the "Bishop" ceased to contest with the mother hen after his own mother had given him a lesson in life.

"Did it make you happy," she asked, "to take care of the little chickens when they needed your help?"

"Yes, indeed," he replied.

"Why were you happy?" she asked.

"I guess because I was trying to do good," he said.

"Yes," said the mother, "and that is the law of love. Because you followed it you were happy, but you must obey it to the end. You are now disobeying it."

The lad was puzzled, and he pressed his mother for an explanation.

"The same motive," she added, "that prompted you to care for the little chickens when their own mother could not give them attention, should restrain you from giving pain to the mother hen by taking advantage of the love her little chickens have for you. Some may call you simple for adhering to this law; but even when you grow to be a busy man, you can not afford to be unmindful

of the smallest rights of the least of God's creatures. When you go out of your way to avoid stepping on a worm or destroying an ant hill, some men will laugh at you, but you need not be concerned with their laughter; you are merely upholding the law. And when, after doing your duty to the little chickens by feeding them, you do your duty to the mother hen by refusing to disturb her motherhood, you are simply fulfilling the law. If you could know how thankful I would be if, in my absence, some one took care of you, or how sad I would feel if some one sought to win your love from me, then you may have some idea of the pain you might inflict upon that mother hen, and some idea of the thing you must do to be true to the law of love."

The "Bishop" learned that lesson well. Would there were more boys—and grown men too—who could be led into the light.

---

The "Bishop" was but six years of age when he had an experience which illustrated in a simple way perfect fearlessness on the part of one in whose bright lexicon there had never been such a word as "fear." His parents had gone for a ride, leaving him with a neighbor. Returning at dusk and entering

the house the mother noticed some activity in the kitchen. There she found what seemed to be a big, burly, desperate looking tramp seated at the kitchen table and eating a meal which the little "Bishop" had prepared. It developed that the child had returned home early, and answering the door bell had found the "desperate" looking visitor—only he did not look desperate to the "Bishop." It was his doctrine that with men, or with flowers "You tan find pretty fings every place if you only look."

The visitor inquired for the child's mother, but was told she was not at home.

"What do you want?" asked the child.

"I want my dinner," replied the visitor.

"Well, we have had our dinner," explained the "Bishop."

"I'm hungry," exclaimed the visitor.

In the "Bishop's" family where there were a number of healthy, hearty boys, food was the only answer to such an appeal, and he promptly replied:

"Come in; I can get you something to eat."

Partial to boiled eggs himself, the thought of the child naturally turned to boiled eggs. He lighted the gas stove and dropped two eggs into a pot of water. He had no regard

for time, and perhaps the eggs were not well cooked when he set them before his hungry visitor, but a hungry man is not particular and so he disposed of several orders of poorly boiled eggs, together with a large supply of whatever other food his little host could find for him. The visitor seemed so repellent in personal appearance, that the mother was somewhat disturbed at the queer sight in her kitchen, and later she cautioned the little one against admitting strangers into the home. She could not explain to the child, however, that there was any danger, because he was yet to learn of that element in human life. It was enough for him to know that one of God's creatures was asking for food and he had never learned—nor did he in all his career learn—more than one answer to such an appeal. It would never have done for the "Bishop" who had loved fear out of so many birds and animals, to know fear in the presence of a human being asking—and receiving—bread.

At the age of seven years "Bishop Sunbeams" sat at the feet of his mother, at an amusement resort one summer evening and watched with breathless interest the moving pictures in which the "Passion Play"

was given. Those who have been privileged to see this striking presentation, will understand the strong impression it made upon this child.

When scene after scene had been flashed upon the canvas, showing the gentle life, the good works and the lofty mission of the Nazarene, and then describing the enormous sacrifices he made and the cruel punishments inflicted upon him, the lights went out and it was announced that the entertainment was over.

Not a word escaped the child's lips during the evening; but when the final act in the greatest tragedy known to mankind had been presented to the audience and the people rose to go, the boy turned to his mother and heaving a sigh said, "Mamma, if I'd been Jesus, I wouldn't have came!"

Impressive lessons often come from the mouths of babes, and there is something in the simple statement of this little child that men and women may earnestly lay upon their hearts.

---

It is not convenient within this limited space, to follow the career of this boy during his teens. He lived the life of a healthy, manly

lad. He was not a saint, as saints are described in the storybooks. He had his faults and indulged at times in follies; but from his infancy the element of love had been so habitually cultivated that it served him in long trousers, even as it had served him in kilts, and so moulded his inclinations that when he turned from the class room to take up his work in the carpenter shop, he was a well finished product in the way of a strong-limbed and stout-hearted lad.

He began his work with a right good will, winning in due time a place as foreman. He seemed to be able to get good work out of men whom other foremen had given up as hopeless. He was more than their foreman—he was their comrade. But he was more than their comrade—he was their helper. A helper of men! What a mighty office! None higher could be sought by a servant of the Master!

I could not if I had the space, tell all the incidents that proved his right to that title, for so faithfully did he adhere to the high law that had ruled him when a child that the nickname of his babyhood clung to him during his young manhood, even as it is held by him at this very hour.

When a child he had found beautiful



blossoms on vacant lots where other people found nothing but ugly weeds, and this leading was his throughout his years of service; he could uncover and develop good in men where others could see nothing but evil; and he accomplished this, not through any personal power, but through the practical application of the doctrine coming fresh from the mouth of a babe, "You tan find pretty fings every place if you only look."

I well remember what a commotion he created in the shop where he worked when, in his quiet way he enunciated the doctrine he had learned among the birds and the flowers. One of his comrades called it a "fool notion," but he did not appear to be disturbed by criticism and his unfailing good nature protected, in many instances, his "fool notion" from bitter attack. On this occasion they were discussing the report that "Old Bill" Blanton, "the drunken carpenter," was engaged in an effort to sober up for the sake of his wife and children. It was agreed that when sober, "Old Bill" was an excellent workman, and referring to the reported attempt at reformation on "Bill's" part, one of the workmen remarked, "It's altogether too good to be true."



"Nothing is too good to be true!" said the "Bishop," simply.

"Well, I wish you could get that adopted as the law of the land," exclaimed one of his fellows.

"I have no doubt," said the "Bishop," "that the time will come when that law will rule the world."

"Then we will all have wings, and the Kingdom of Heaven will be at hand," exclaimed another workman.

"No," replied the "Bishop," "we won't have wings, and we couldn't use them if we had them; but the Kingdom will come—the Kingdom that is to be found by all men who follow the paths that have been blazed in accordance with the field notes of God. This Kingdom is at hand for our friend, Blanton, if he is ready for it. That he can become a sober, useful man, is not too good to be true; for everything that is good is true, and the things that are really true are good."

---

A short time before this conversation took place, the "Bishop" was passing down the street one morning when he came upon two men who were preparing to cut down a large tree. One of the men whom the "Bishop"

knew well explained that the tree was causing a stone wall, which surrounded it, to bulge out and the owner had ordered that the tree be destroyed.

"But it's a pity to destroy such a tree in this prairie state," protested the "Bishop." "Can't you move the wall out a little and save the tree?"

"Well, it ain't my tree," said the tree-cutter, "and the man who owns it says to kill it."

"If he asked you to kill his children, would you defend the action on the ground that they were his and that he had the authority?"

"Oh, there's a big difference between a tree and a child," said the man, as he prepared to cut down the splendid tree.

"What are you to get for the job?" asked the "Bishop."

"One dollar for the two of us," he replied.

"Well, I will give you one dollar if you will give up the job and remind the owner, as I have reminded you, of the value of this tree."

The tree-cutter looked at the "Bishop" curiously and then asked, "You mean to tell me that you would give up a dollar just to save one tree that don't belong to you?"

"Willingly would I pay it. I could call it

my monument," said the "Bishop." Then he proceeded to show the value in a prairie state of every tree. It was a beautiful lesson in forestry given by one who had ever kept in touch with nature.

The tree-cutter gathered his tools and said, "Well, if it's worth a dollar to you it's worth a dollar to me. Keep your money. I'll not cut the tree. I'll have it for my own monument."

And away he went to plead with the owner of the tree even as the "Bishop" had pleaded with him. The fine old oak raised its head a bit higher, its broad leaves crackling with delight, while the breezes of heaven played a hymn of praise through its branches.

"Old Bill" Blanton was leaning against this very tree on the day following the talk at the carpenter shop, when "Bishop Sunbeams" came upon him. It was plain to be seen that Bill's heart was troubled; and in short order he told his troubles to his foreman. It is easy to protest against the follies of men who have acquired the appetite for drink. It is easy to show our contempt for their weakness, but condemnation will not stay the ravages of the terrible appetite. When "Old Bill" indulged in self-condemnation and said he was of no use to the world, the "Bishop" replied,

as in the long ago he had spoken in defense of his weed “fowders,” saying, “That is because you can’t see yourself aright.” Then he told the despondent man of the law of love, wherein one finds beauty wherever he looks for it; of the law of love wherein nothing is too good to be true. Standing beneath the boughs of that old tree, the “Bishop” placed a hand affectionately on “Old Bill’s” shoulder and said, “I helped to save this tree. I wanted to call it my monument. Let me help to save you now, to bring the man within you to the front, so you may see yourself aright—standing erect, sober and true. Let us begin the new life here, dedicating it under these branches, and giving the old tree the opportunity of repaying the debt it owes, even as I seek to repay the debt I owe. Let us make this fine old tree the temple wherein we assert for your sake and for the sake of your wife and children, the law of love.”

It is a part of the history of that little village that “Old Bill’s” life of sobriety and usefulness as husband, father and citizen began on the day when the “Bishop” found him leaning against the old tree. But the world did not know, as “Old Bill” and the “Bishop” knew, that the once despairing man trampled

his dragon under his feet beneath the shelter of the old tree. The world did not know that as “Bill” Blanton walked out from under the branches of that great oak, the “Bishop” affectionately pressed his arm and said, “Unto thee it was shewed that thou mightest know that the Lord, he is God;” nor that the old fellow of the forest, out of the gratitude of his own great heart, nodded approvingly.

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Searching for the Kingdom was ever the work of this little missionary; not a search through the turmoil of theological controversy but rather through the “feel” of his own heartbeats. He respected the religion of everyone who had a religion; for he knew that whatever it was it led men upward. He respected the doubts of those who had doubts; for he knew that was a condition rather than a sin. For himself “he cared little for theology or botany, but he was a faithful student of religion and flowers.” He called all men “Brother;” and not only men, but the birds of the air, the beasts of the field and the fishes of the sea; not only these but the flowers—the royal hearted rose holding its head proudly in the well kept garden, or the humble daisy growing by the roadside—the

flowers and the trees and the shrubs—all things that lived and grew to the glory of God were his brothers, and his sisters and his friends. In his view this was the Kingdom.

And one of the scribes came, and having heard them reasoning together, and perceiving that he had answered them well, asked him, Which is the first commandment of all?

And Jesus answered him, The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; The Lord our God is one Lord:

And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: This is the first commandment.

And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these.

And the scribe said unto him, Well, Master, thou hast said the truth: For there is one God; and there is none other but he:

And to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbor as himself, is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices.

And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him, Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God. Mark 12:28-34.

His was a simple trust, calm and serene, which lifted his doctrine so far above the

realm of strife that neither friend nor foe could lower it to that level. "The thing that pays," I have often heard him say, "is a reasonable search for truth in all the affairs of life. I am aware that in the effort to separate the wheat from the chaff, we will often be confronted with 'Pilate's question put to truth itself.' But as the voice of mountain torrents was carried into the heart of Wordsworth's listening boy, so men who make a calm, persistent, patient search for truth will meet it less than half the way."

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On one occasion a young carpenter was singing the praises of his favorite public character, making him "a little lower than the angels." Some of his associates did not entertain high opinions of this particular man. On the contrary they seemed to regard him as an inferior man, both in motive and ability. But these men had their own hero, and they recounted his virtues, while they painted in black colors the young carpenter's favorite.

The "Bishop" did not take part in the discussion until his associates insisted that he should take sides in the controversy. Then he said, "None of us have wings, and few of us have horns. I would advise the young



man to make his heroes impersonal. The principle is all too often sacrificed in the worship of an individual and there is no man in politics or out of it who is entitled to that form of attention. The practice of setting men upon pedestals is an injustice to both the man on the pedestal and to the cause he is presumed to represent. The men who set up the hero expect more of him than a common human being can deliver; or we become so wrapped up in the hero that we come to believe that whatever he does is right, putting a stop to our own reasoning process and soon the hero himself comes to imagine that he can do no wrong. The result is not beneficial to any of the parties immediately concerned in the hero worship, nor, indeed, to any of their neighbors. We could give to the public man whom we accept as leader no fairer wish than that he might be exempt from mad personal idolatry. We could give him no fairer wish than that the same love of country that dominates the men of all political parties may continue to control in his heart and in their hearts, and in the hearts, too, of rising generations; that the men of his time shall cultivate the conviction that individuals are as nothing, prin-



ciples everything. Above every ambition for office, however high; above every act of man, however heroic; above every individual or party conquest, however complete, rises the sincere purpose of the humblest patriot to make his government good enough to live for. However serious the obstacles before the people they will be surmounted in an orderly way and to the honor and glory of good government. Translate the meaning of the rank and file of every American party and it spells democracy in its purest sense. Translate democracy and it means the preamble to the Declaration of Independence, described by Moses Coit Tyler as 'A passionate chant of human freedom.' Translate the preamble and it means the Sermon on the Mount. Farther we need not go to find the inspiration for American freemen—men capable of solving every problem with which popular government is confronted and solving it in such a way as to respect the ownership of every honest dollar and every well-earned inch of soil while lending an ear—willing and sympathetic—to the 'still, sad music of humanity.' "

"Speaking of heroes," added the "Bishop," "there is an humble little verse which I picked up recently along the wayside." Then he read:

“We cannot all be heroes,  
And thrill a hemisphere  
With some great daring venture,  
Some deed that mocks at fear;

“But we can fill a lifetime  
With kindly acts and true;  
There’s always noble service  
For noble souls to do.”

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During one noon hour in the carpenter shop, the workmen were discussing the report of the millions which a famous man had given for the benefit of certain institutions. One young man said, “It must make a fellow feel mighty good to be able to give away so much money. I would certainly like to be a philanthropist, and I believe I would be one if I had the money.”

“I believe that, too,” said the “Bishop,” “but you need not be rich in money in order to be a philanthropist.”

“But where would I get the money to give away?” asked his young comrade.

“The gift of money,” replied the “Bishop,” “is sometimes the cheapest way of discharging a duty. Many men would give a dollar or two rather than listen to a tale of woe, but it requires a real love for mankind—and that is the definition for philanthropy—for one to open his ears, and his heart, too, to the

burdens of his fellow. Yet that is just the kind of philanthropy most burden bearers seek. Some of them need money, it is true, but most of them need a tender yet practical sympathy. They need something which money can not buy, and that is the understanding that will enable them to walk out of the shadow of self into the sunlight of life. Everyone whose heart aches for the woes of another or beats a bit faster for another's joy, may engage in this sort of philanthropy."

I shall never forget the "Bishop's" interpretation of the third commandment.

A young carpenter had uttered an oath and was rebuked by an older comrade who said, "You have violated the third commandment."

"What is the third commandment, anyway? I believe I have forgotten," said the young man.

The older man replied, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

"Does that mean not to swear?" asked the young man.

"That is exactly what it means," replied the elder.

"How about it 'Bishop'?" asked the young carpenter who was perhaps more anxious for a controversy than for light.

"All of the commandments," said the "Bishop," "mean not to swear, for they are all directed against everything that tends to profane real manhood. But the third commandment is not confined in its meaning to the folly of swearing. It is, in truth, a call to service. It means that those who believe in God must work for righteousness and, working, must show results; that those who claim God for their leader must have good for their handiwork. To the churchman, of whatever creed, it means work among the lowly; to the citizen of whatever party, it means devotion to high ideals; to the public officer, charged with great responsibility, it means fidelity to the promises he gave the people; to America, which has dedicated itself to righteous government, it means that the public welfare should ever be the concern of men elevated to authority; and to every land that claims the cross as the emblem and Christ as the Master, it means a call to leadership in all the paths of peace."

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The ease with which the "Bishop" disposed of his work, and the amount of work

he accomplished had long attracted the attention of his employers and had been the marvel of his fellow workmen.

"I wish," said one of his employers addressing his foreman on one occasion, "I wish I had your faculty for doing work as though you really liked it."

"I do like my work," said the "Bishop." "I believe with Van Dyke it is 'my blessing, not my doom.' Good work is not accomplished through fussy effort. It is the easy effort during the calmest sort of thinking that makes one's work easy, and gives the best results. This applies to so-called manual labor as well as so-called mental labor. All labor that shows finish is mental, whether it be the laying of a brick or the writing of a brief, and if the workman loves his work that fact is written upon his product.

"I give you this from Ruskin: 'Is not the evidence of ease on the very front of all the greatest works in existence? Do they not say plainly to us, not "there has been a great effort here," but "there has been a great power here?"' It is not the weariness of mortality, but the strength of divinity, which we have to recognize in all mighty things and this is just what we now never recognize, but

think that we are to do great things by the help of iron bars and perspiration. Alas! we shall do nothing that way, but lose some pounds of our own weight.' "

"It is one thing," said his employer, "to tell one to do his work easily, but it is quite another to know how such instructions should be carried out."

"One way," replied the "Bishop," "is to find God in your work. If we take up every duty with the thought that it is not to be accomplished until it conforms in every particular to the estimate of what is right and fair and just as provided by the 'still, small voice,' then we will find God in our work; and we will not slight it nor will we debase our effort. In a little book entitled 'Don't Worry' I found a beautiful thought." Then he read this:

" 'All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made.' Neither is anything made now without Him. He makes the rose and the lily, the diamond and the ruby, the green and fertile valley, the flowing river, the snowclad mountain-peak. More than this, He makes all that man makes. The Christ spirit is present in the heart of the poet, in the brain of the in-

ventor, in the arm of the laboring man; it girdles the continents with railways; it ploughs the seas with steamships; it plants the seed, tills the soil, carries on all the myriad forms of human industry. When this truth is fully recognized the sordid elements of human life will disappear. Men will not then pervert the divine gift to base or selfish uses. The inventive faculty will not be employed to produce implements of war and destruction. Love will be the ruling motive in all human enterprises. The Golden Rule will be the rule for gold.”

“Acquaint thyself with God, if thou would’st taste  
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,  
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before:  
Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart  
Made pure shall relish with divine delight  
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.

\* \* \* \* \*

But who with filial confidence inspired,  
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,  
And smiling say, ‘My Father made them all!’ ”

They were talking about fear and worry. One man contended that fear was a necessary element, and quoted Dr. Johnson as saying, “Fear is implanted in us as a preservative from evil.” The “Bishop” said that Dr. Johnson had written many things in line



with truth, but that a more satisfying assurance, in his view, was this:

For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. 2 Tim. 1:7.

"I remember," said the "Bishop," "hearing my father tell of the way in which an alarmist undertook to frighten Emerson. This man said that a comet was at hand and would wipe out the entire solar system. Emerson calmly replied, 'Very well, I can get along without the solar system.' It was this same philosopher who said, 'All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.' Horace Fletcher wrote: 'The absence of anger and worry is an evidence of strength and not of weakness—even so-called righteous anger is a weakness in the presence of judicial calm. Without anger and worry one is stronger to ward off a blow, administer a correction, or protect a principle. The emancipated mind is as eager for effort as a child is for play. Freed from anger and worry, one can shovel more dirt, plant more furrows, perform every duty better and with less fatigue than if under their influence.' Whittier told us in his own simple way how to avoid fear and worry, when he wrote:



“ ‘I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.’ ”

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One of the workmen had repeated a black story relating to a resident of the community. It was noticed that the “Bishop” did not take part in the gossip. Pressed by one of his associates for an expression of opinion concerning the man under discussion the “Bishop” said, “I am not competent to pass judgment upon him. I once knew a very happy man, who had made it a rule never to speak of a fellow creature unless he could say something good. One of his neighbors who was generally called ‘the meanest man in town’ passed away. A friend asked this man what he could find to say in favor of this particular person. For a moment he seemed a bit puzzled, and then as his face lighted with a smile he said, ‘Well he was the best whistler I ever knew.’ ”

“Somewhere,” added the “Bishop,” “I read an unpretentious poem entitled “Three Gates.” I do not know who the author is, but his name ought to be written upon the tablets of memory, for the idle gossip of thoughtless

men and women has broken many hearts and ruined many lives."

Then he put an end to the gossiping habit in that shop by reading this:

"If you are tempted to reveal  
A tale some one to you has told  
About another, make it pass  
Before you speak, three gates of gold.

"Three narrow gates, first, 'Is it true?'  
Then, 'Is it needful?' In your mind  
Give truthful answer, and the next,  
Is the last and narrowest, 'Is it kind?'

"And if to reach your lips at last,  
It passes through these gateways three,  
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear  
What the result of speech may be."

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"Get right with God by getting right with men," was one of his mottoes. It was when talking with a learned lawyer whose heart had been wounded by one of the world's cruel blows, that this simple philosopher prescribed a daily period of self-examination as cure for the inharmonies of life.

"We intend to train our minds," he said, "and we think we do so when we read; but we try to crowd in good things before we have crowded out bad things. What are the beati-

tudes to the heart that is full of war; the Sermon on the Mount, to the heart that is full of pillage? What are great works by philosopher and poet to one whose heart is seared with hatred? As the rose is the very smile of God, so every good and perfect thing—everything in song and story and history that makes the pulses tingle and the heart beat faster—is God’s message. And that message can not be fully appreciated until the one who undertakes to receive it trains his own heart in accordance with the law of love.”

“And what,” asked the lawyer, “is this particular method?”

“When one arises in the morning,” said the “Bishop,” “he puts himself through a period of self-examination. He summons himself, as it were, in review. What of the day at hand? What of his attitude toward his fellows? What of the character of the business propositions to be met with on this day? Let him shut out from his consciousness the turmoil of the world and for the moment compel his proud self to literally obey the command ‘Be still and know that I am God.’ First let the individuals foremost in his thought go trooping by. Among the first will be those to whom hatred gives a place. As each one saunters by

let the hatred for him be destroyed at once, and forever—not covered up or forgotten but destroyed. It will be, for awhile, a difficult proposition, but one hour spent in the beginning of each day in destroying enemies by wiping enmity out of the heart will be the most profitable of all time investment. While wiping out enmity, wipe out harsh judgment, sharp practice, dishonesty and impurity of every kind. A simple process, I know, and all too simple it may seem to some, but this daily practice, habitually indulged means that the mind, as we call it, is being cultivated by first preparing the ground so that it will be in a condition to receive the purest seed. From the purely practical standpoint, this means a well ordered day. In reality it means success and happiness. It means a new concept of life wherein the things we once regarded as great, become small, while the things we once thought inconsequential, become of first importance. It means a new view of life wherein the strutting of a man is of no more importance than the strutting of a peacock; wherein we place no individual upon a pedestal, but raise the whole race of men to the vantage point of appreciation of their worth and an understanding of their status; wherein we

know that the contest for place or power, or wealth, is useless in struggle and empty in victory; wherein we know that 'the little, nameless acts of kindness and of love' are not only 'the best remembered portion of a good man's life,' but are, in truth, the very essence of the only life—'the life that is the light of men;' wherein we know that the wise man need not glory in his wisdom, nor the mighty man glory in his might, nor the rich man glory in his riches, but rather, in divine language, 'But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord, which exercise loving kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight.'"

"It is a very beautiful philosophy," said the lawyer.

"It is more than a philosophy, replied the "Bishop," "it is a law which consistently meets every requirement of men and women who submit themselves to it. As it readjusts the attitude of the individual toward his fellows, so it will finally affect the attitude of the public. In some particulars, we have the world turned up side down today. We need to set it right side up. Now we put the pain and the grief and the sin in the very front of

the picture upon which men gaze. We print in our newspapers accounts of disasters and crimes under great headlines, while in inconspicuous places we give reports of the good things that are being done every day—or omit them altogether. The time will come when the rule will be reversed. This will be accomplished not entirely through reform among newspaper editors, who, I doubt not, would cheerfully minimize the evil in the printing of the news of the day. It will come largely through a readjustment of the public's demand in the way of their newspaper reading matter. Following out the tendency to exaggerate our woes, we take children from the streets and place them in well furnished institutions which we call 'Homes for the Friendless.' We forget that the very care we take of them shows that the name is not well chosen. We call some of our institutions 'Asylums for the Insane,' others 'Asylums for Incurables,' and others 'Homes for the Feeble-Minded;' then we have our 'Poor Farms,' and our 'Institutions for Inebriates.' Thus the public constantly keeps its woes exposed. As the Greeks of old contributed to the beauty and grace of future generations by bringing beauty to the view of the living,

why not, in this day, move the black pictures to the garret and give to men and women the pictures of 'The World Beautiful?' In this line why not adopt for our public institutions, names that spell hope, rather than despair? From the individual watching his thermometer in the middle of a heated day, searching his daily paper for reports of the unhappy side of life, or watching and waiting for misfortune to come upon himself—from the individual to the public, men have trained themselves to accept misery as the rule and to regard happiness as the exception, while their habits and methods are so framed as to keep the darker side ever before their eyes. For this reign of despair, I would substitute the law of love—bringing beauty and light into the foreground, not as a bit of idle philosophy for 'Deluded Dreamers' but rather as serviceable fact for practical men."

Taking from his pocket a newspaper clipping, the "Bishop" said, "Several days ago I ran across a bit of homely verse that ought to be posted in every shop and counting room and school house. I do not know the author. Let me read it to you."

Then he read:



"Let's dream, like the child in its playing;  
Let's change the things 'round us by saying  
They're things that we wish them to be;  
And if there is sadness or sorrow,  
Let's dream till we charm it away;  
Let's learn from the children and borrow  
A saying from childhood—'Let's play.'

"Let's play that the world's full of beauty;  
Let's play there are roses in bloom;  
Let's play there is pleasure in duty  
And light where we thought there was gloom;  
Let's play that this heart with its sorrow  
Is bidden be joyous and glad;  
Let's play that we'll find on tomorrow  
The joys that we never have had.

"Let's play we have done with repining;  
Let's play that our longings are still;  
Let's play that the sunlight is shining  
To gild the green slope of the hill;  
Let's play there are birds blithely flinging  
Their songs of delight to the air;  
Let's play that the world's full of singing,  
Let's play there is love everywhere."

"I like the law of love," said the lawyer,  
"and the wonder to me is that it is not more  
generally and habitually observed in the lives  
of men who ought to appreciate the power of  
clean and honest thought."

"Many people," said "Bishop Sunbeams,"  
"who do not readily grasp the meaning of



Browning love to linger over the sublime optimism of his lines ‘God’s in his Heaven: All’s right with the world;’ and for nearly two thousand years little children have been taught to lisp the words of the Saviour of men ‘Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.’ The law of love, as I understand it, is the optimistic dream of Browning come true. It is the living, loving promise of the sweetest singer of all the ages applied to the everyday life of men. If men and women who have learned from the flowers and the children that love rules over all, undertake to lead us unto the light that has been shed into their own lives, may we not give patient attention to their story of love and of life feeling within our heart of hearts, ‘How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings?’ ”

Surely the mountain paths of patient service were well trod by this good man.

He preached the gospel of love. He was not a scolder of men; he was their ardent sympathizer. He did not condemn the weak and unfortunate; he helped them to overcome their weakness and to triumph over their misfortune. He knew the temptations that beset the lives of men and instead of rebuking

for error he sought to emphasize the practical advantages of avoiding error.

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Teaching the beauty of love and the love of beauty, he revived hope within the breasts of those with whom hope, it seemed, had perished; holding up to men the "fowders" of their real character, he helped them to see themselves aright, and taught them that one may find beauty and goodness and loving kindness everywhere if one but looks for it. He taught them to live not in the past with its nightmares, nor in the future with its dreams, but in the now, the living present, full of great duties and vast opportunities.

By the authority of the Chief Magistrate of Love he declared the eternal fact that in "the life that is the light of men" nothing is "too good to be true;" and arm in arm with despairing men and women—often with tears in his eyes but always with laughter in his heart—he walked through the valley of hope, out upon the plains of peace.

There I see him now, royally serving God through simple service to God's creatures.

Some would say he is in the afternoon of life; others would call it the far spent evening.

But he calls it the morning—ever the morning!

## THE MASTER OF VERBENA LODGE

**I**T IS the habit of men who live in cities to build castles in the air in the way of country homes. As the bird beats its wings against the cage, or the prisoner in his cell dreams of the day of freedom, so men who are confined to the counting room have a heartfelt longing for "three acres and liberty."

One of these prisoners of commerce was riding though the country one day when he passed a tract of land that seemed to him particularly well adapted for the building of a home.

This tract was then occupied by a weather-beaten structure in the form of a house. In the center of the tract was an orchard of strong limbed, stout-hearted young apple trees, and not far away were a number of healthy cherry trees, which at the time of this first visit were loaded with beautiful blossoms. On the east, a fine stand of alfalfa spread to the north of the land like a great green carpet, while on the west and to the rear of the young orchard, there was a stretch of soil as fertile as ever grew the

golden grain. Bordered by two well traveled roads and gently sloping to the south, this ten acres of land—and liberty—caught the eye and held the dreams of our friend.

Repeatedly he passed the spot, sometimes bringing friends to share his dreams and often lingering by the wayside to tell of the things he would do in the building of his home. So persistently did he cultivate this fancy that some of his acquaintances really believed he was engaged in constructing a house, while his more intimate friends had many a jest with him about his "Castle-In-The-Air." Often they insisted that he select a name for it, but he put them off with the assurance that all that would come in due time.

Happening to pass the treasure spot one evening in May, he found growing in profusion over the tract, and particularly along the roadside, great bunches of the wild verbena, with its fern-like leaf and its pinkish-purple flower.

"How would that do for a name?" he asked a friend, while he held up one of the beautiful flowers.

"How would what do?" asked the friend.

"Verbena," replied the home-builder, "Verbena Lodge."

"A very pretty name," said the friend, "but does it mean anything?"

"I will look it up," said the home-builder.

The verbena has a pretty story. No other flower has a purer ancestry. Of noble birth the particular species with which this story deals seeks out the humble places of the roadside and takes its best delight in finding favor in the eyes of those most in need of the ministry of flowers. From the royal family of Vervain it is descended. It was first found on Mount Calvary, where, perhaps, it served to render soft, for blessed feet, the path of thorns. Called the "Holy Herb," it was used in ancient sacred rites. Among the humble it came to be known as "Simpler's Joy." Peasants turned to it on the theory that it had the power to arrest the spread of poison, or give protection from the plague. Lovers hunted it out because it was thought to conciliate friendships. Heralds and ambassadors wore it on their garments as a pledge of mutual good faith. The motto of its family is "to crown;" its meaning to the world "to consecrate."

"The very name for my home," said the builder, "Verbena Lodge! Consecrated to beauty and hospitality!"

So with a magic name to charm him he continued to build his Verbena Lodge—and he builded better than he knew.

Unmindful of the good natured jests of his friends, he planned house and grounds in keeping with the noble name he had chosen.

Then he lighted up the structure. There must never be a dismal room within; never an idle acre without. He would have the doors ever open to those in need of hospitality; to those who had not known any sort of hospitality, as well as to those who were surfeited with the pretense with which the thing we call society is more or less familiar. Weary clerks should share the milk from his dairy and feel the touch of perfect rest within his gates. Tired mothers should sink to sleep beneath his trees, and, waking, feast within his lodge. Little children—aye, the little children of the poor—should play and dine upon his lawn. Above the portals of his gates he would inscribe the pledge so all the world might read, “Rest for the Weary;” and opening to receive the needy, those gates would close against all things that give men pain.

He had built and built for many a day, when one of his friends asked, “Isn’t that home of yours finished yet?”

"I am still working on it," was the reply.

"I don't like to discourage you," said the friend jestingly, "but I am afraid your Verbena Lodge is all in your mind."

"I don't know but what that is so," agreed the home-builder, "and it may be that I must thank you for the thought."

The more he pondered over his friend's remark, the more impressed he was with it. He had found great pleasure in the building of his air-castle. As mere fancy it was all—as his friend had well said—in his mind.

But why not utilize the inclinations to castle building to practical purpose?

Why not make his Verbena Lodge a reality?

Why not build so that it would be of practical service to himself as well as to his fellows?

In this view he went to work. With a high resolve he determined to build a Verbena Lodge that could not be disturbed by the storms of time.

In the beginning he took the motto of the flower "to consecrate" as the corner stone for the structure. He would consecrate his thoughts to the service of God, through service to men. He would show hospitality by giving a helping hand and opening a sympathetic



heart to everyone who needed help and hope. He would offer "rest for the weary" by deeds of encouragement and words of comfort. He would shut the doors of his lodge upon all evil and open them to all good.

As the flower for which he named his "Castle-In-The-Thoughts," had served as downy pillow for the bruised heel of his own Great Master, so the things that thrived within his new Verbena Lodge gave comfort to the weak; so the consecrated thought gave consecrated life.

What if the structure of brick and mortar of which he dreamed had never materialized? He had builded a greater structure than was ever laid by the hands of men—and he was building, and building, and building.

Consecrated to high purpose and noble endeavor, it was his castle—his to have and to hold.

He was, at last, the master! The master of Verbena Lodge!

## THE PERFECT TRIBUTE

**Y**EARS ago the late James Laird was a member of Congress, representing a Nebraska district. Mr. Laird who was commonly called "Jim" had many warm friends and many bitter foes. So convinced were his friends of his goodness and his greatness that they were ready to fight for him; so certain were his enemies that he was a bad man, that they lost no opportunity to go on record in bitter condemnation of him.

It is strange what a difference in opinion—with respect to a particular individual—is often held by intelligent men. Perhaps the point of view has something to do with it; but however that may be this much is true: The good opinion of an intimate friend is much more apt to be correct than the bad opinion of a determined foe. In truth, weigh the average man, in public or in private life, giving him all due credit and the good in him will far outbalance the bad.

Several years ago I picked up, in the city of Washington, a pretty story relating to "Jim" Laird. I happened to make the acquaintance of an old colored man who for

several years had conducted a boot black stand in the vicinity of the old National hotel.

"You say yuse from Nebraska sah?" inquired the old man. When informed that Nebraska was my home the old man sat down on the edge of his shine stand and asked, "Now did you really know Mistah Jim Laird?" Then he continued, "Well sah he was my customah, sah, regulah, and I tells you how I got him. One day a great, big looking man sot down in my chair and I begins to put on a shine. While I was at work my wife's sister cum running up and says she, 'Willum, de baby's dead.' Well, sah, it broke me all up. De little fellow was berry sick and I knew it, but I never spect him to die. I sot right down on the groun' and cried. It was a hard blow on de ol' man, for I lubbed dat baby. I tol de gal I'd be home presently, and I picked up my brush and went to work on de big man's boots again. I tell you sah de tears soaked my blacking all up and de job was de poorest ever done. Fore I got through the big man was lookin down at me and he said, says he, 'How old was de baby?' 'Ten months,' says I, then some more tears cum. 'It's purty hard, Uncle, ain't it?' says he. 'Deed it is sah,' says I, and de tears rolled

down again and spoiled de best part ob de shine I'd put on. Den de big man got up and says, 'How is you fixed?' De Lord knows I wasn't fixed at all. Doctors and druggists had grabbed up all I had and I tole him in truf dat I was fixed mightly po'ly. When I put away my brushes the big man say, 'I'll walk a piece wid you, Uncle!' and up Pennsylvania Avenue we walked. Purty soon de big man went across de street and I went wid him. We went into a undertaker's and de big man calls de undertaker to one side and has a talk wid him. Den he tole me to go home and get de baby ready for de funeral. Purty soon up comed de undertaker to my house wid a little white coffin and on top ob it was a big wreath ob flowers."

At this point the old man wiped the tears from his eyes and clearing his voice said, "De big man had sent 'em."

"Who was the 'big man?'" he was asked.

"Who was he sah? It was Mistah Laird sah, and when a long time after dat we heard dat he had died, my wife and me wanted to send some flowers to Nebraska but we couldn't do it so ob course we did de next best thing."

"What did you do?"

"We found out the day Mistah Laird wuz to be buried and we got some flowers just like he sent to our baby and went out and laid 'em on our baby's grave."

"THE INVISIBLE PLAYMATE"

**F**AITH, Hope and Charity—the least as well as the greatest of these—ring true within that realm where the children live, and love, and play. In this kingdom of "Make-Believe" there is no pretense in the virtues that "exalt great Nature's favorites." In that domain friendship is the friendliest truth is the truest, and love is the loveliest.

The best demonstration of that fraternity which ought to exist between all men living a common life and working to a common end is found in the relations between the little one of our own flesh and blood and the invisible child with whom we often find him prattling and playing. Listen to the story of these two comrades as told by the sweet singer of the *Baltimore Sun*:

"All day in the swing of his fancy, the lilt of his  
laughter, he goes,  
Whose life is a gleam in the sunlight, a lily, a  
pearl and a rose;  
And there to a phantom talking, with a phantom  
by his side,  
He moves with a shadow playmate, together  
they romp and glide.

"I hear through the hours of his revel his little  
tongue chatter away;

Alone, but not lonesome, he follows the fairies  
that flit through the day.

He shares with his dream and his phantom his  
blocks and his drum and his horn,

And he talks to his dear little playmate, invisible  
there in the morn.

"They seem such good comrades and friendly,  
and get on together so well;

There's never a moment of quarreling and  
never a sorrow to tell;

The phantom does just as he wants him, the  
shadow plays everything right—

O beautiful playmates that revel light-hearted  
in realms of light!

"They plan and they ponder together, the living  
locked arms with the dream;

They sail on invisible waters and fish in a make-  
believe stream;

They tunnel for coal in dream mountains and  
fight in invisible wars,

And they hide in the walls of their fortress when  
the enemy's battery roars.

"All day in the childheart splendor, a lad of the  
legions of fun,

With a little invisible playmate, talks on as  
they laugh in the sun;

And, happy and heartfree together, I lean and  
look down on them there

And dream of my own vanished playmates, dear  
phantoms that float everywhere!



"Ay, tender, invisible comrades, like children of  
old at our play,  
We dance in the dews of the morning and dance  
through the dreams of the day;  
And arm upon arm in the sunlight, with laughter  
and longing and tears,  
We move like an army of shadows far down in  
the valley of years!"

The "Invisible Playmate" knows other paths than those leading to the nursery; nor is he always a child playing with a child; sometimes he hunts out those whose hair is turning gray; sometimes he seeks those whose eyes are growing dim.

How quickly the "Invisible Playmate" of some of the grown folks respond to the summons once fond memory brings the light of other days around us:

A rusty sword—a blade that never knew dishonor—and we go arm in arm with the father who, perhaps, gave to the world considerably more than the world ever gave to him; living again, with him, the life so full of tender memories; learning again, from him, the lessons of stern duty.

A picture spotted with the dust of time—and we stand within the very presence of the gentle one who gave us birth; feeling, almost, the clasp of her dear hand; hearing,

almost, the sound of her sweet voice; taking, in truth, the benediction of her holy love.

A little shoe, frayed at the heel and punctured at the toe—and we feel around our neck the clasp of two little arms and hold against our wildly beating heart the "Little Breeches" of our home.

"Oh, the little white arms that encircle  
My neck in their tender embrace  
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,  
Shedding sunshine of love on my face."

A scrap of paper—and we are drawn to the side of some old friend long gone beyond; and there the days of old are lived again—call it in "Dreamland" if you please—but lived again!

Playmates of the long ago! Invisible all, but playmates every one!

"And arm upon arm in the sunlight, with laughter  
and longing and tears,  
We move like an army of shadows far down in  
the valley of years!"

Who says we must see before we believe? We forget that the unseen are the real forces. One note of music will bring a smile; another will draw a tear; a burst of song will set in motion all the memories and emotions of a life-time. We know something of the

marvelous things wrought by electricity, but with all of our progress we can not tell the whence or the whither of that great force. We know that love has well been called "the greatest thing in the world"—yet no man has seen it, while all men have felt it.

Parting is the sweetest sorrow, because meeting is of the force that was not born to die. Love proves immortality because we would not part with the one great grief if by doing so we must forfeit the one great joy. In all the beautiful city of the dead, where "love is loveliest because embalmed in tears," there is not a grave which those who hold it dear would blot from out the realm of fact, if the memory for which it stands must be obliterated.

We may obtain some idea of the tears that have been shed within this world, when we remember that within a silent city of one hundred acres, hardly an inch of soil has escaped the tears of those who have loved—and for the moment imagined they had lost. Men may think they have made progress when they dismiss, as unworthy of the consideration of practical people, the lessons taught by the mothers; but standing within the shadow that falls athwart our own home,

we may realize that the inspiring story of the life and the mission of the Man of Galilee is history's solitary answer to the pathetic call that goes up from every vacant chair:

"Oh, into what bosom, I wonder,  
Is poured the whole sorrow of years?  
For eternity only seems keeping  
Account of the great human weeping;  
May God, then, the Maker and Father,  
May He find a place for the tears!"

Civilization has not vindicated itself in the presence of the thing we call death. The little birds singing their "Te Deums" from the tree tops and the sweet flowers bringing reassurance of another springtime and asserting through their green leaves and fragrant blossoms the great eternal law of life and love are better settings for the calm and peaceful scene than the emblems of woe and hopelessness which give denial to our faith.

When one whom we love better than life itself passes through "Glory's morning gate" our hearts will ache. But when the march of civilization shall sweep away the barbaric customs which at the bier of our loved ones only contribute to our woes then that ancient Saxon phrase which calls the burial ground "God's acre" will be in common use;

then the smiles will mingle with the tears; the band of crepe will go, the wreath of flowers will come; and in that day the men and women of this world will know that what we now call death is really "God's great morning lighting up the sky."

Night after night we go to sleep without the slightest fear, trusting to nature to bring us again to life and to duty; night after night we bid our loved ones adieu and wish them pleasant dreams in their journey to an unknown, but not, to tired men, a dreaded land—

"And why not then

Lie down to our last sleep, still trusting Him

Who guided us so oft through shadows dim,

Believing somewhere on our sense again

Some lark's sweet note, some golden beam shall  
break,

And with glad voices cry, 'Awake! Awake!'"

### "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE"

WITH the advent of every new political party, quaint characters have commanded public attention. In a popular uprising, an untried party had captured the legislature of one of the western states.

The members of the lower house in that legislature chose as their speaker or presiding officer, an odd character. He was an unlettered man, but he possessed a native shrewdness and he had such a unique way of expressing himself that during that session of the legislature he made generous contributions to newspaper literature.

On one occasion, the entire legislature attended a play, where everyone was captivated by a beautiful song. On the following morning the speaker was asked, "How did you like that song last night?" The speaker was resting in his private office, preparing for his day's battle as presiding officer; he replied, "That was pretty good, but let me tell you, she ain't no Jenny Lind."

"Did you ever hear Jenny Lind?"

"Did I ever hear Jenny Lind?" exclaimed the speaker in a somewhat injured tone.

"Did I ever hear Jenny Lind? I should say I did. Me and her went through the rye together. It was in spirit rather than in the flesh that Jennie and I went through the rye together."

"Where did you hear her sing?"

"It was in St. Louis. Oh, I was only a kid, but big enough to just float away with every word Jenny Lind sang."

"What did she sing?"

"What didn't she sing? But there is one song I will never forget. It's the only song I ever learned or tried to learn. It's the sweetest music to my ears today. Jenny was not a very big woman, but great Jupiter! what a voice she had. It was at Ben De Bar's old theater in St. Louis. With my father I lived in Montgomery County, Illinois, and the old gentleman had taken me to hear the woman who had stopped churns in their duty. She sang—great Caesar, how she sang! She came out and sang some nice songs, and I remember that soon I was moving all over my seat without regard to my old home instruction that boys must be seen instead of heard. But then everybody else was going wild over the singing. Finally Jenny was called out and then was the time



that she broke me all up. She stood there with three thousand pairs of eyes upon her and three thousand pairs of ears listening for every note. One moment she gazed like a little frightened bird might at the great crowd before her. Then she raised her hand and everybody shut up yelling and you might have heard a pin drop. Then when everything was as quiet as a session of the house, when the house ain't in session, Jenny began to sing. Great Jupiter, what a song it was."

"Yes, sir," he continued, "she began to sing, and I'll never forget that song. It was something like this:

"If a body meet a body  
Coming through the rye,  
Should a body kiss a body,  
Need that body cry?

"If a lassie has her laddie,  
Never one have I,  
If that lassie kiss that laddie,  
Is it anybody's business?"

"Of course," continued the speaker, "I don't remember the exact words and may not have the words exactly right, but the tune—I'll never forget that tune"—and the speaker whistled the old familiar air "Comin' Thro' the Rye."

"That was a glorious time," he added, "I remember I stood up and held onto the seat in front of me. I was only a farmer boy, but I was an American with all the love for such songs as Jenny Lind sang. I forgot all about my father sitting beside me. I forgot all my surroundings; forgot that I was in a crowd of three thousand fashionably dressed people, all I thought of was Jenny Lind and that tune. Soon I seemed to go away from there, I seemed to seize the hand of the singer, I clutched it tightly and the crowd before us seemed to melt away and in the place of the stylish theater there seemed to spring up a great field of rye. 'If a lassie has her laddie' sang Jenny, and I seemed to clutch her hand tighter and when she repeated that verse, 'If a body meet a body,' I seemed to make a desperate effort and together Jenny and I started off through the field tramping down the rye straw. On and on we pranced; it didn't seem like we were walking; we were just floating but I clung tight to Jenny and Jenny she clung to me and when we reached the other side of the field we turned and cut a new swath to the tother side. On and on we floated—going through the rye. It was the happiest moment of my life, but just as I

seemed to become unconscious I heard shouts and clapping of hands, and saw the waving of handkerchiefs. Three thousand people were on their feet yelling like mad men. My old father had jumped up beside me and he was waving his old felt hat. The people all seemed mad and I opened my eyes and then I realized that I had been standing there all the time and that Jenny had simply hypnotized me. I hadn't been tramping through the rye field at all, and I remember, poor little country boy that I was, I sat down on the cushioned seat, and taking out my little red bandana, wiped several big drops of water from my eyes. Jenny came before the curtain and said 'good-bye.' Then the great crowd filed out. I took hold of my good old father's hand and we left the theater. Not a word was spoken by either of us until we reached the sidewalk and then my father said, 'Samuel, that was the greatest song I ever heard.'

"For weeks after that the cornfields and the barnyards on our old Illinois farm re-echoed with bits of that old song. And now I never hear that song but what it brings back to me the days of my boyhood. I never hear it but what I see the faces of my father and

mother. I never hear it but what I seem to be feeding the cows in the barnyard or driving the hogs from the cornfield and the next time I go to hear a woman who can sing and will sing, I'm going to ask her to open the pearly gates for a moment with the key notes of 'Comin' Thro' the Rye.' "

It was ten o'clock and the speaker hurried down the aisle of the house of representatives and mounting the speaker's stand called the house to order. When the chaplain offered prayer the speaker bowed his head lower than usual and when the clerk read the long and tiresome record the speaker fixed his eye on the toe of his boot and whistled softly; and the tune which floated down to the press stand was an old familiar air.

## THE GOVERNOR AND THE BABY

A WOMAN, whose general appearance indicated that the cup of woe had not passed untasted from her lips, entered the executive office and asked to see the chief magistrate of the state. The governor had not arrived, and the woman accepted a seat in one of the comfortable arm chairs. Slowly and carefully, she began to unwind yard after yard of veil and woolen garments that formed a mysterious bundle within her arms.

The governor's private secretary, who was a thorough American, even to curiosity, adjusted his spectacles and watched the proceedings. "What have you there?" asked the secretary. The woman smiled as with an effort she unclasped one of those familiar brass clamp pins. When that task was completed, the private secretary answered his own question with the exclamation "Why, it's a baby!"

It was a baby, too. Not one of those sickly babies to whom one's heart of sympathy is drawn by reason of its very struggle to live, but a healthy, hearty little one, so full of life and laughter that it bubbled over with smiles

—the smiles playing hide and seek in its dimpled cheeks. This was one visitor who cared neither for political appointment nor for notary's commission; and for more than one reason the tiny visitor was a curiosity in this busy room of state.

There are three things which will at once set aflame the fires of patriotism on the hearthstone of the American heart. One is the flutter of "Old Glory;" another the strains of "Yankee Doodle" or of "Dixie;" and another, the sight of an American baby. In the executive department every man is his own patriot, and every clerk in that particular office managed to have business in the neighborhood of the chair occupied by the mother and her little one. Of course it merely happened that every man in the office, and a great many men outside of the office, had within half an hour, bent over the little visitor and chucked him under the chin.

It seemed, too, that the little fellow was partial to men, and the moment the eye of a politician rested upon the tiny visitor, a pair of the merriest blue eyes would begin to twinkle and a pair of chubby cheeks would show their dimples. Perhaps the fact that the little one had been born into the world

while its father was paying the penalty for a crime had something to do with its manifest partiality for men. Perhaps the fact that this father was yet languishing behind the bars of the state prison, and had seen his child just often enough to make him covet liberty as he would cling to life—perhaps this had something to do with the fact that the little fellow cooed with delight whenever a strong hand laid hold upon his own little fist. However this may be, this little visitor was, at least, the one being in that old stone state house, whose motives were not open to misconstruction, whose sincerity was not subject to doubt.

It was not long before it was known to all in the governor's office that the father had been imprisoned for shooting with intent to kill; his victim escaped without serious injury, but the assailant had been condemned to a long term in the penitentiary.

Everyone who became acquainted with the little visitor was wishing that he was governor just long enough to take that baby to the prison bars and bidding him lisp the magic word "Papa," make that word the open sesame to those iron gates.\*



When every father and every father's son had made the acquaintance of the little one, it was announced that the governor had arrived, and would see the mother. The story was told in a few words. While the mother pleaded for the freedom of her husband, the baby was putting in some splendid, though speechless, efforts for its father. There never lived a better natured baby than this one; nor one more determined to make the best of life and it was not strange that in the midst of the mother's plea the governor reached out his own hand and let a tiny fist seize firm hold upon a gubernatorial finger. And all the while the mother pleaded for the husband, but the governor was not listening intently to the mother's plea. His finger was yielding to the clasp of the baby's hand; his eyes were watching the baby's smile; his heart was feeling the baby love—that subtle and mysterious power that lays hold every man of blood and brain, when he stands in the presence of a child.

The secretary, entering the governor's private office, had left the door ajar and the governor could not have avoided hearing the remark of a weather-beaten old plainsman, who had been one of the baby's callers in the

anteroom. The plainsman said, "I hope the baby will win."

The secretary hastily closed the door.

But the baby smiled as though he understood—and the governor smiled, too.

Who would be a governor unable, under such circumstances, to smile and to mean it?

Who wouldn't be a governor free to look that baby in the eye and give it smile for smile; free to let the little heart beats break down the prison bars that separated husband and father from his loved ones?

Of course, the plainsman's prayer was answered.

Of course the baby won.

But the governor won too—and society did not suffer.

For society seldom suffers from an act of mercy.

## THE SURGEON OF THE SEVENTH ILLINOIS

**T**O many men of my generation memorial day is something more than a purely patriotic occasion. It is, indeed, a memorial day; and with me, as, I doubt not, with countless other men of my age, in north and south, it is dedicated to one particular soldier.

We can better understand great principles and noble sacrifices when we see them idealized in one whose personality we have felt. In this way men like Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln have given us revelations; and in this way millions of men whose names have been practically unknown beyond the confines of their own town have given inspiration to those who have known them and have without the glamour of the hero's life risen to the very heights in the discharge of the hero's duties.

If I have any understanding of sturdy patriotism it is because I have seen the highest form of patriotic effort, the purest sort of genuine courage, and with all this strength and power, the loving tenderness of a woman,

idealized in one man, who like many other servants to mankind gave to the world considerably more than the world ever gave to him. This man was the surgeon of the Seventh Illinois Infantry.

Because the service he rendered his country is typical of that given by thousands of soldiers who were unknown to fame or to fortune; because the love I have for him is typical of the love which other men of my generation have for other soldiers I have taken the liberty of choosing "The Surgeon of the Seventh Illinois" as the text for this chapter.

I think that during the past thirty-five years not a memorial day has dawned that my first thought of the occasion has not related to an interview which I had with the surgeon of the Seventh Illinois away back in the seventies. They called it "Decoration Day" then. A strip of a boy I had attended the service at Jefferson Barracks, the old army post just below St. Louis. The address was delivered by a famous Missouri lawyer, and I was greatly impressed with it, particularly with the peroration. Returning to St. Louis and meeting the surgeon of the Seventh Illinois in his office, I recounted to him with great

enthusiasm the scenes of the day and then I recited to him the peroration which had made such a deep impression upon me. It was something like this:

"As to which was right in that memorable struggle I think we should all be like the Virginia father who had given two sons to the war. One wore the blue, the other the gray. Both fell in battle. The bodies of the two boys were brought home and the father buried them side by side in the house yard where they had played together, and over the two graves he erected a single stone bearing the inscription 'God knows which was right.' "

When I had concluded the surgeon of the Seventh Illinois, who had listened patiently to my recital, rose to his feet and walking up to me laid a hand on my shoulder. Then looking me squarely in the eye he said, "Let me tell you, my boy, something which I want you to remember to your dying day: The American flag is always right."

One of the tenderest of men, and one of the bravest, was the surgeon of the Seventh Illinois. All of the men of that regiment knew of this surgeon's tenderness; until the episode to which reference is about to be

made occurred, not all of the men of that regiment knew of his great courage. A member of the Seventh Illinois tells the interesting story. On one occasion a pompous division surgeon was inspecting the temporary hospital erected for the benefit of the Seventh Illinois boys. The division surgeon had with him a company of friends, and the entire party seemed well impressed with its importance. The regimental surgeon escorted the party through the hospital, describing each case as they came to it. When they reached the cot of one man who had been severely wounded in the hip the division surgeon, who was considerably more of a dress parade man than a man of science, cruelly jabbed his thumb into the wound. Although this division surgeon was his superior officer the surgeon of the Seventh Illinois seized him and with an angry exclamation threw him half way across the hospital floor, at the same time uttering what his comrade says was the only epithet he ever heard from the lips of the righteously indignant doctor. Then the regimental surgeon, completely ignoring the presence of his superior and the members of his party, turned his attention to the alleviation of the pain of

the injured soldier who had screamed with agony at the division surgeon's touch. "It was the bravest act I ever saw," said this soldier, "and we expected at any moment that a guard would be sent under instructions to place our surgeon under arrest on the charge of assaulting a superior officer. Every man in the regiment loved the Seventh Illinois surgeon, and while we admired his courage, we could not help but regret his bad judgment. But for some reason or other, no action was ever taken. Perhaps the superior officer thought it would be just as well to let well enough alone."

The surgeon of the Seventh Illinois was southern born and bred, being a Kentuckian. His own family and his good wife's family were divided in their sympathies, some standing for the Union, others for the Confederacy. I have often heard him tell of meeting with relatives who wore the gray, once or twice upon the field of battle, and several times while the opposing armies were resting under a truce.

Although strong in his own convictions and devoted to the Union cause, he knew well that his kinsmen who fought on the other side were equally conscientious. He knew



how brave and resourceful were the men against whom he was, for the time, pitted. He often told a story that illustrated the wholesome respect he had for the fighting qualities of southern men. General Scott, so the story ran, had captured, with less than eight thousand men, in the Mexican war (which was called "a slave-holder's war") the city of Mexico. He had been acting in an advisory capacity laying plans for the capture, in the Civil War, of the city of Richmond. General Scott was then too old for active service, but he was a great "planner." Somehow or other his plans did not work out. On one of General Scott's visits to the White House, Mr. Lincoln was twitting him on his plans for the capture of Richmond. Mr. Lincoln said, "General Scott you got into Mexico so easily I don't see how it is possible for them to keep you out of Richmond." Quickly General Scott replied, "But you must remember, Mr. President, that the boys who took me into Mexico are the same boys who are keeping me out of Richmond."

On one occasion a signal honor was conferred upon me. I was asked by a Grand Army Post to be a pall bearer at the funeral of a man whom I had never seen. He had

been a Seventh Illinois soldier. A member of that regiment had already been chosen and they thought it would be appropriate for a son of the surgeon to act also. I need not tell you that I was proud of the honor. The heart of the dead soldier's own son could have beat no truer, his hands could have been no gentler than my own as I helped to carry the body of my father's old comrade to its last resting place.

That was a more important day to me than the old soldiers who had invited me knew. Throughout the service, from home to church and from church to cemetery, I felt the living presence of the brave and gentle man for whom I served as substitute. As “Old Glory,” borne by a white-haired veteran, was carried to the front I could almost see the tall form of the surgeon of the Seventh Illinois straighten to attention; I could almost see him bare his own dear head with fine old-fashioned grace; I could almost hear his own dear voice give orders to his boys, just as he said it in the long ago, “Hats off! The flag is going by!” And there within the presence of my father's comrades, within the presence of my father's flag, I stood uncovered; just as I stand uncovered now; just as I hope to

ever stand in honest tribute to the land he loved, in fair defense of the flag for which he fought.

And so in his dear name I lay my tribute on this shrine; and then above his own green grave—and over all the graves of men who fought and fell for north and south—and in the name of all the boys who treasure up the memory of their soldier dead, I write a tender epitaph of love.

## THINGS THAT TELL

**W**E do not always make the impression we think we are making and we sometimes do things that tell and last when we least expect it. An English clergyman, Toplady, wrote six volumes of theology directed against John Wesley, and in which he indulged in bitter invective. That ponderous work was ineffective and it is now forgotten. But the present day followers of John Wesley, as well as men generally, sing "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me," and "Love Divine all Love Excelling," and in the singing pay tribute to the man who wasted his time in writing six volumes of theology, but left his impress upon the world in the writing of two songs.

Edward Everett spoke for three hours at Gettysburg; but few remember his address, while every school boy in the land and every searcher for classics in the world is familiar with the half page oration delivered by Abraham Lincoln.

John Hay became famous as a diplomat and was regarded as an extremely cold man. Many people were surprised when after Mr.

Hay's death a United States senator called Mr. Hay "An apostle of sweetness and light, with a nature as tender and affectionate as a woman's and a man's strong and hearty approval for that which appealed to him." Those who remember "Little Breeches" were not surprised at this senator's statement. General Wolfe on the night before the great battle in which, at the very moment of victory, he lost his life, said he would rather be the author of Gray's "Elegy" than to take Quebec, and others whose hearts have thrilled with the homely little story written in simple verse by John Hay, would rather be the "apostle of sweetness and light" as revealed in the author of "Little Breeches" than to become famous in the courts of the world, as Hay became famous, for statesmanship and diplomacy.

They say that John Hay disliked to be reminded that he was the author of "Little Breeches" just as Thomas Dunn English grew weary of being referred to as the author of "Ben Bolt." But to the end of their days, the high fame of having produced something tender and lasting clung to either of these men; and the story of "Sweet Alice" and of the little boy in the sheep fold will live in the

hearts of men when the diplomatic victories of John Hay and the so-called higher accomplishments of Thomas Dunn English have been forgotten.

T. H. Palmer, a man unknown to fortune and to fame, wrote a little poem that has been of practical service to the children of many generations. It was entitled "Try, Try Again." It was, indeed, a fine note in the world's music. It revived hope. It spoke the gospel of life. It gave courage to the sons of men and it yet lives in service to the world.

" 'Tis a lesson you should heed,  
Try, try, again;  
If at first you don't succeed,  
Try, try, again;  
Then your courage should appear,  
For, if you will persevere,  
You will conquer, never fear;  
Try, try, again.

"Once or twice though you should fail,  
Try, try, again;  
If you would at last prevail,  
Try, try, again;  
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,  
Though we do not win the race,  
What should you do in the case?  
Try, try, again.

“If you find your task is hard,  
Try, try, again;  
Time will bring you your reward,  
Try, try, again;  
All that other folks can do,  
Why, with patience, should not you?  
Only keep this rule in view:  
Try, try, again.”

It is, after all, the simple things that tell;  
and the simplest, as well as the greatest,  
accomplishment is to be in harmony with  
the homely lessons learned at the mother's  
knee; to be in tune with the music of child-  
hood; to be in touch with the things that are  
true.



DICK

**T**HIS is the story of a Nebraska boy whose name was "Dick." How does it happen that so many boys who habitually get into trouble or live in constant need of the prayers and the counsel of their elders—how does it happen that so many of the so called "terrors" of boyhood bear the name of "Dick?"

At all events, this Nebraska Dick, did not have the time nor the opportunity to maintain the reputation of his name. It is true that in a limited way he was a thorough-going boy, and perhaps only the lack of opportunity prevented him from being a real "Dick" as he is described to us by story book writers, who in generation after generation seemed to have conspired against a noble name.

The character of Nebraska's school buildings has materially improved since the day of which this tale is written. But one could not ask for any improvement in the character of a boy—so far as concerns fine effort under disadvantages—as that character was displayed in a little sod school house of Boyd county, Nebraska, on one occasion when the

state superintendent of public instruction visited the school. The state superintendent was accompanied on his tour of Boyd county by the county superintendent. I give you Dick's story in the state superintendent's own words:

“One day we came upon a sod school house. There were fourteen pupils present. The school house presented a tumbled-down appearance. We could look out through the roof and see the sun and the sky. Some of the window lights were out. There were holes in the floor which was laid almost on the earth—just two by two-inch scantlings under it. We heard a spelling class recite. It was composed of three little girls and two boys—Dick, a red-haired, freckled-faced, shabbily dressed little fellow, who took his place at the head of the class. As he came to the recitation he pushed one foot along over the rough floor. At first we thought he was lame. But a glance told the cause and we looked the other way. He was wearing an old shoe that would hardly hang on his foot. The upper was almost entirely gone. Had he lifted his foot in the ordinary manner of walking the old shoe sole would have flapped, flapped, flapped, as he walked. There was a hole in

the floor where Dick stood. As a policy of double economy and yet with an art that would tempt the painter's brush, he let the foot on which he wore the paralyzed old shoe drop carelessly into the hole in the floor, first, to hide the old shoe, and second, to cover the hole in the floor. But Dick held his place at the head of the class. The proud sparkle in his eyes, the bright expression on his face, his manly, heroic bearing as he saw the teacher make a record of his victory and heard her say, 'Dick wins the head mark today,' told us that Dick had caught the soul-inspiring strains of Robert Burns, who was himself a son of toil:

" 'Through losses and crosses  
Be lessons right severe,  
There's wit there, you'll get there,  
You'll find no ither where,  
Never mind the crowd, lad,  
Or fancy life won't tell;

" 'The work's a work for a' that  
To him that doeth it well;  
Fancy the world a hill, lad,  
Look where the millions stop;  
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad,  
There's plenty of room at the top.' "

That is a simple story, indeed, but it might well serve as an inspiration to other boys more fortunate than the freckled-faced “Dick” who, “faithful in a few things,” showed he had within him the stuff out of which are made “rulers over many things.”

## THE MOTHER LOVE

**S**OME one who was asked to describe "a friend" said: "He is one who knows all about you and likes you just the same." The mother measures up to that description. A mother's love is typical of God's love.

"Like a cradle rocking, rocking,  
Silent, peaceful, to and fro;  
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping  
On the little face below,

Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,  
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;  
Falls the light of God's face bending  
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,  
Toss and cry, and will not rest,  
Are the ones the tender mother  
Holds the closest, loves the best:

So, when we are weak and wretched,  
By our sins weighed down, distressed,  
Then it is that God's great patience  
Holds us closest, loves us best."

And so we begin to have some conception of the mother love when we strive to understand that the all enduring forgiveness, the all absorbing affection, the all merciful compassion, as displayed by the mothers of men, is but the reflection of the love divine.

Some one, I regret to say I do not know his name, has written a beautiful paragraph describing how he found his mother engaged in prayer. "Once," said this writer, "I suddenly opened the door of my mother's room and saw her on her knees and heard her speak my name in prayer. I quickly and quietly withdrew with a feeling of awe and reverence in my heart. Soon I went away from home to school, then to college, then into life's sterner duties. But I never forgot that one glimpse of my mother at prayer, nor the one word—my own name—which I heard her utter. Well did I know that what I had seen that day was but a glimpse of what was going on every day in that sacred closet of prayer, and the consciousness strengthened me a thousand times in duty, in danger, and in struggle."

It is as natural for the homeless boy to want to be mothered as it is for the hopeless man to feel around for the hand of God. A New York paper recently printed a story which well described this mother hunger on the part of a New York orphan lad:

"The boy in the car sat cuddled so close to the woman in gray that everybody thought he belonged to her, so when he unconsciously

dug his muddy shoes into the broadcloth skirt of his left hand neighbor she leaned over and said:

"'Pardon me, madam, will you kindly make your little boy square himself around? He is soiling my skirt with his muddy shoes.'

"The woman in gray blushed a little and nudged the boy away.

"'My boy?' she said. 'My goodness, he isn't mine!'

"The boy squirmed uneasily. He was such a little fellow that he could not begin to touch his feet to the floor, so he stuck them out straight in front of him like pegs to hang things on and looked at them deprecatingly.

"'I'm sorry I got your dress dirty,' he said to the woman on his left. 'I hope it will brush off.'

"The timidity in his voice took a short cut to the woman's heart and she smiled upon him kindly.

"'Oh, it doesn't matter,' she said. Then as his eyes were still fastened upon hers, she added, 'going uptown alone?'

"'Yes, ma'am,' he said. 'I always go alone. There isn't anybody to go with me. Father's dead and mother's dead. I live with Aunt Clara over in Brooklyn, but she says Aunt



Anna ought to help do something for me, so once or twice a week when she gets tired out and wants to go some place to get rested up she packs me off over here to stay with Aunt Anna. I'm going up there now. Sometimes I don't find Aunt Anna home, but I hope she will be home today, because it looks like it is going to rain and I don't like to hang around in the street in the rain.”

“The woman felt something move inside her throat, and she said, ‘You are a very little boy to be knocked about in this way,’ rather unsteadily.

“‘Oh, I don't mind,’ he said. ‘I never get lost. But I get lonesome sometimes on these long trips, and when I see anybody that I think I'd like to belong to I scrooge up close to her so I can make believe that I really am her little boy. This morning I was playing that I belonged to that lady on the other side of me and got so int'sted that I forgot all about my feet. That is why I got your dress dirty.’

“The woman put her arm around the tiny chap and ‘scrooged’ him up so close that she hurt him, and every other woman who had overheard his artless confidence looked as if she would be quite willing to let him wipe his shoes on her dress.”

## FATHER AND SON

TWO men were sitting together on a train that was about to leave the city of Omaha, Nebraska. One was gray haired and the other was in the full vigor of manhood—perhaps forty years old. They were talking most pleasantly. One would have said they were merely acquaintances.

In a little while a station was reached where the younger man was to get off. As the train stopped he arose and said, "Well, good-bye, father."

He then threw one arm over the older man's shoulder, and they kissed each other. The father then responded, "Good-bye, my boy. Good luck," and looked upon his son fondly as the latter walked down the aisle and out of the door. Seeing him a moment later through the window the father waved his hand to him as no doubt he had often done when the now grown man was a baby.

The passengers were much interested in this whole performance, and it was plain to be seen that they were impressed and edified by it. It is not often that this sacrament of the affections is celebrated between men,

even fathers and sons, and here it was on a railroad train.

There was nothing formal or perfunctory about it. The spectators were all the more pleased at getting the impression it was a habit between those two men because, while a habit, it was none the less an act with a spontaneity of its own arising from the ardent affection for each other of the father and son. Their tender and unusual manner of parting revealed as with a flashlight the blessedness of the relations between them.

Expressions of tenderness of all sorts are discouraged in boys, and a lad is not out of his knee breeches before he becomes ashamed to kiss his father. He gets the notion that it is unmanly. But it may be that it is a mistake to let him leave off without some protest—a mistake from which both he and his father suffer somewhat. A display of affection now and then may have a tendency to maintain the confidence and intimacy for the lack of which it is quite likely that a good many young men are the worse.

The passengers on the train did not for an instant feel that there was anything unmanly about the kiss that this bearded man

of forty gave his father. On the contrary he looked more a man as he threw his coat over his arm, lifted his grip and walked out of the car. He was a stranger to most of the people in the car, but they could not think of him but as going forth honorably about an honorable business, testifying honor to his father.

Nothing could be more beautiful than this devotion between father and son.

During the year 1909 the father of the editor of one of America's leading periodicals passed over. The eloquent tribute paid by this son to the memory of his father was widely copied and attracted general attention. Here it is:

"It was my father's wish to die in harness, and so it came to pass. His gallant spirit went forth to meet death with the same smile with which he faced the new country as a poor Irish boy over forty years ago. He worked his way to success with his strong hands (as a carpenter once in Dayton, Ohio, and at other humble, honorable tasks), and with his unflinching courage and with his big open, boyish heart.

"He was absolutely fearless, yet the gentlest, the most easily moved, of men. He had friends in all walks of life, sprinkled all over

the world. He worked hard and played hard, and he loved his fellow men, not theoretically, but with a hearty and personal affection.

"This business he built, this paper he founded, and they are now thrust upon my shoulders. It is in memory of the most loving comrade in the world that I dedicate them to clean causes such as those for which he would have had me fight. God grant me strength to be worthy of him whom I loved so much."

About the same time the father of the editor of a weekly newspaper printed in Nebraska died. The tribute paid by the editor of this weekly paper was not widely read, but it deserves a place among the things that are recognized as worthy of preservation. This is what the editor of the weekly paper wrote in tribute to his father:

"It is with sorrowing heart the editor announces the death of his father, at the family home in Fremont, on Sunday last, when the immortal soul of a loving and beloved father passed to his Maker. His age was seventy-five years—every one of them honorable years—and I believe no man ever left this world to meet his God with a clearer conscience or more deserving of heavenly reward than my father.

There are and have been men just as good, but I never met a more scrupulously conscientious, honest and upright man than he whom I had the proud distinction to call father. In all the years of association with him—in boyhood or manhood—I never heard him suggest, or advise one act that savored of trickery, dishonesty or unfairness—no matter whether the transaction was great or small. I firmly believe that he left this world without having knowingly wronged a fellow-being. He had a bright mind, he was a clear thinker, he was a stranger to deceit and his ideals were the highest. He was a man who faithfully met every requirement of life, whether it was in defense of his country when she called her sons to arms, or as a Christian citizen, or as a husband or father. He considered the gathering of dollars as the least of the purposes for which God created man. I have always been proud of him, and his memory and example will be a guiding star in the pathway of every member of the family he has left behind. I know the world is better for his having lived in it. During the last hours of his life, he was surrounded as he had wished to be by every member of his family, and thus he passed quietly and peacefully from our midst."

## WAYSIDE LITERATURE

**I**N politics and sometimes in theology, we are apt to be intolerant, imagining that we have a monopoly on truth and criticising sharply those who differ with us. But when it comes to the things that play upon the heart strings, awakening tender memories and creating brighter hope—when it comes to flowers and to children—to the story of love and to all that the story of love represents—then we are all members of one family.

As it is the simple things which make the heart beat faster and draw men into closer union, so the thoughts of busy men might, with profit, turn oftener and oftener in that direction.

And "finding tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," we heed not the smiles of our more dignified friends as we stoop by the wayside to gather the prizes which the world, in its mad rush for the strange and complicated, has ignored.

And so we learn that not all that is entitled to rank as literature is bound up in books;



much of it is hidden from the world; and the non-observing man ignores some of the richest prizes simply because they are of humble origin or bear not the official approval of our literary fashion makers.

Accepting Carlyle's decree that "Literature is the thought of thinking souls" we may find things worthy of attention in private letters, in court reports, in newspaper editorials and in many other forms.

For instance, a Nebraska farmer once wrote me a letter in which, after speaking of the value to busy men of recurrence to simple thoughts, he said, "We may soar like the eagle but we have to come back to the old tree to rest awhile." Who will say that that is not "the thought of a thinking soul!"

The daily newspapers are full of literature according to Carlyle's definition. Truth is so much stranger than fiction that the strangest thing of all in life is that men who seek for stories that will stir the hearts of their readers resort to imagination where real life provides the tempting field.

A newspaper printed in its court reports the story of a father who was required to defend a wayward boy before the district court. In pleading for his son, the father,

with tears streaming down his cheeks said, "I was a bad boy myself and liked to hunt and fish better than attend school; and I guess the boy got it from me. You know an apple never falls very far from the tree." Who will say that that is not worth remembering? Who will say that is not "the thought of a thinking soul?" And who will say, also, that the judge who told the erring boy to go in peace was not something of a thoughtful old soul himself?

Another newspaper told of how the song of a robin, penetrating the corridors of the county jail, touched the heart of a prisoner whose term was to expire on that very day and so inspired in him the love of liberty that he felt like giving it to all of God's creatures—he "felt liberty" for the robin on the bough of the tree at his cell window; "felt liberty" for himself and "felt liberty" for his comrades until his first thought was "liberty" for all the world. And so he proposed that his cell mate, longing for freedom but with unexpired term, should take the line and respond to his name on that day in order that he might breathe the pure air and be free. And so he did, the ruse working well. And while truth requires that we look frown-

ingly upon this bit of deception who, within his heart of hearts, will withhold a blessing from the little bird that sang liberty to the prisoner in his cell, or to the thought that gave liberty to the man whose term was unexpired? Would there were more robins to give inspiration to men! Would there were more jail doors swinging outward, oftener and oftener with each succeeding hour, establishing, as a part of our civilization, the yet to be recognized truth that jails are for the protection of society and not for the punishment of men.

Another newspaper told of how a four-year-old child, a mere baby itself, had dragged its infant sister from a burning house where the two had been left for a time alone. When the friendly hands of a powerful man reached out to gather the two babes within a pair of strong arms to hold them sound and safe from harm, the little rescuer was whispering into his tiny sister's ear the thought of one of the sweetest of all of the thinking souls, "Nussin won't hurt you, dearie; nussin won't hurt you."

From newspaper dispatches we learned the story of the little tot of a boy who had been accidentally shot by his elder brother

who was known in family circles, and in baby vernacular, as "Buddy." As the elder boy rushed from the room he shouted to the little fellow, "Don't tell on Buddy!" Feebly the answer came from childish lips, midst sighs of pain, "I won't tell," and this baby soldier remained faithful to the end, dying with his and "Buddy's" secret.

A staid old publication devoted one fourth page to a six line article written by Bolton Hall, author of "Three acres and liberty." This article will be particularly serviceable to those who have the habit of indulging in partisan thought. It follows:

"God is on our side," said the soldier.

"One and God is a majority," said the seer.

"God is on both sides," said the saint,

"So we do not need a majority."

One of the leading financial publications of the country recently printed a most excellent editorial. That editorial ought to be displayed in every Wall street counting-room; and not only in Wall street but throughout the world. With all its simplicity it is a remarkable editorial; remarkable alike for its brevity and its truth. Here it is:

"The Human and the Divine: The mere human in us working alone barely earns ex-

penses; it is the divine in us that yields dividends.”

Buried in a weekly newspaper, is the following helpful tale and inspiring although homely bit of verse:

“ ‘What are you doing that for?’ asked one friend of another who had hastened after a flying newspaper in the street where they were walking.

“ ‘Its fluttering might frighten a horse to desperation,’ she answered, as she crumpled it into small compass and threw it afar, so that it could ‘flutter’ no more.

“ That reminds me of the story of the poor woman in a public park, who was stooping down and picking up something which she put into her apron. A passing policeman sternly demanded to know what she was hiding, telling her severely that he had been ‘watching her game for some time.’

“ ‘Ah,’ she replied tremblingly, ‘I’m only gathering up these bits of broken glass from the grass to save cutting the little bairns’ feet.’ And this was what she was doing.

“ These are the little things which count because of the love for humanity which they

betoken. Trifles they may seem, and yet they  
are not possible to one who thinks but of self.

“Who puts back into place a fallen bar,  
Or flings a rock out of a traveled road,  
His feet are moving toward the central star  
His name is whispered in the gods’ abode.”

## STORIES FROM LIFE

**I**F, as Carlyle says "Literature is the thought of thinking souls," then the nurseries of America are full of literary men and women. It is to be regretted that there are not more writers whose business it is to preserve stories of children, taking them from real life. This is so because too many of the children stories that find their way to print are of the impossible variety while the true ones which, although too simple and homely for some people, are full of lessons for the grown folks.

A little Nebraska girl was working out her lessons, some of which in the twentieth century are "fearfully and wonderfully made." Confronted with the word "cardinal" she found the definition to be "chief" and then when she was required to give an example sentence, gave this: "That man is the cardinal of the fire department."

A little boy stood for a long time before the cage of a big grizzly bear, and then exclaimed, "Gee, I bet God got all scratched up before he finished that fellow."

"How much do you love me?" asked a



father of his boy. The child thought a moment and then replied, "Past the last number."

A little boy was taken to an entertainment by his mother. It was 10:30 o'clock in the evening before they reached home and the little fellow was very tired and sleepy. He undressed quickly and hopped into bed.

"George," said his mother sternly, "I'm surprised at you."

"Why mamma?" he asked.

"You did not say your prayers. Get right out of that bed and say them."

"Aw mamma," came from the tired youngster, "What's the use of wakin' the Lord up at this time of night to hear me pray?"

The mother was entertaining her old classmate, still unmarried. Little Ralph, six years of age, was playing on the living room floor.

"Ah, my dear Frances," sighed the mother, "I have often envied you while you were away. No cares. No responsibilities. You are indeed fortunate not to have the worry, the strain, the fatigue, the heavy burden, of bringing up a child."

"Won't you please say the rest of that in French, mamma?" asked Ralph.

"Were you listening, Rafey?" inquired his mother.

"Yes, mamma," replied the child. "And I'll tell you this—it ain't any cinch to be brought up."

A little boy wrote from the country this stirring letter:

"Dear Papa: We children are having a good time now. Mr. Sager broke his leg and can't work. We went on a picnic and it rained and we got wet. Many children here are sick with mumps. Mr. Higgins fell off the wagon and broke his rib, but he can work a little. The man that is digging the deep well whipped us boys with a buggy whip because we threw sand in his machine, and made black and blue marks on us. Ernest cut his finger badly. We are all very happy."

A young Sunday school teacher sought to impress upon a pupil with poor memory, the names of the three graces, faith, hope and charity. She gave this pupil three shining coins, a penny, a five-cent piece, and a dime.

"The penny," she said, "represents faith, the five-cent piece, hope and the dime, charity. Keep these coins and every time you look at them think of what they stand for."

The Sunday following the teacher reviewed

the lesson of the week before and called upon the holder of the coins to produce them and give their names in proper sequence. The youngster shuffled from one leg to the other, stammered, blushed and seemed altogether overcome with mortification. Finally he burst out with:

"Please, Miss Fanny, I ain't got nuthin' left but faith. Baby swallowed hope and mamma took charity and bought ten cents' worth of meat ter make hamberg steak out uv."

Some of the stories that come from the nursery are full of "soul." A three-year-old child was the author of this: "Mamma, all I need is a ladder to climb to hebbin an' den des jump yite in God's arms."

A nine-year-old boy, inmate of an orphan asylum, extended his sympathy to some of his little comrades who had been punished for disobeying the rules and then added, "Bein' bad don't get you nuthin'."

Here is a story that is "all boy:" Four-year-old Joe is very fond of Bible stories, and evidently follows the example of his best-beloved hero as to meditation "in the night watches."

He awakened his mother one night, after

midnight, with the question, "Mamma, where is David now?"

"In heaven, I guess Joe."

"Will I go to heaven when I die?"

"I hope so, Joe."

"Mamma," the little voice was very eager now, "do you s'pose when I get there, David will just let me hold his sling-shot a little while?"

One of the first persons to offer condolence to a distinguished American after his defeat for the presidency, was a little girl, daughter of a neighbor who in the evening following election day, called him to the front steps of his home. Just as seriously as though all his happiness depended upon her reassurance, she patted him on the hand and with that old show of the holy, sacred, mother love, noticeable in women from their very birth, said sweetly and simply, "I wouldn't mind it if I were you. Mamma says maybe God has something better for you."

A public school teacher told how the word "Dear" caused a dull pupil to become the leader of his class, saying:

"An eight-year-old boy had been in my class nearly a year without showing any capacity for absorbing knowledge.

"He just wouldn't study, and I had about given him up as hopeless. But one day he did something that pleased me, and I said to him, 'That was very nice, dear.'

"At recess he came to me smiling and said:

" 'Teacher, you are the first one that ever called me dear.'

"He was so proud of it that he asked me to write a letter to his father certifying that I considered him a dear. His brother heard of it, and he worked hard in the hope that I would speak kindly to him, too. After that those two boys were the best pupils I had, and there was great rivalry between them."

Here is a fine story from life carried by the Associated Press in a dispatch from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. "Miriam Sawyer, nine years old, the daughter of Mrs. Anna Sawyer of Southern avenue, was kneeling in front of her bed saying her prayers, when she heard a sound under the bed and, glancing down, saw a man's feet protruding. She did not scream or become excited, but slowly finished her prayer. Then she asked the man, who was a burglar, to come out. 'You wouldn't hurt a little girl, would you?' she asked him. 'No,' the man answered, 'I wouldn't hurt a little girl, so you needn't be afraid. Just show

me the way out.' Clad only in her white nightdress, the child escorted him to the front door. He bade her a hurried good-night and started on a run down the street. No attempt was made to recapture him. Several 'Jimmies' were found under the bed in Miriam's room."

We may not all speak the same language but whatever may be the form or the sound of the words different men may use to give expression to their thoughts, there is a common language of the heart and everyone instinctively understands that the gift of a flower is a message of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

A New York paper recently printed this story:

"A traveling man carefully adjusted a carnation in his lapel at a club dinner a few nights ago in one of the private dining rooms at the Astor. 'Do you know'—he turned to his neighbor—"I never see a carnation without recalling a bit of sentiment I found out in Ohio. There is a little hotel at Ashtabula—the Stoll house—and as each guest is seated for dinner the waitress places a carnation before him with the menu card. This being an attention not expected by transients at

hotels in small cities I inquired of the girl if the occasion was one out of the ordinary."

" 'No,' she replied, 'we give every guest a carnation each day at dinner.'

"When she had gone for my order an old salesman seated next confided to me: 'Years ago the proprietor's life was centered in a beautiful little daughter. She took great pleasure in distributing carnations to the boys of the road who Sundayed here, at dinner. Death took her away and from that day to this the carnations are a feature of the excellent table not only Sundays, but every day.'

" 'Somehow,' and the diner caressed the flower in his buttonhole, 'I have looked on a carnation with reverence since then.' "

On a beautiful and balmy morning a bird lighted in the top of one of the trees and began to sing.

A seventeen-months-old boy had but a few moments before toddled out into the yard.

Now the father stepped forth to see how the baby fared.

At sight of the tiny fellow the father was struck by the attitude that he had assumed. He was steadying himself by holding to the fence alongside of the walk, and was listening



eagerly and with every evidence of rapture to the singing of the bird.

When the bird ceased for a moment the little fellow, to whom words had not yet come, would say, still looking up at the bird and with a beseeching smile on his face:

"Dah, dah."

At the same time his whole body gestured to the expression, the most noticeable motion being a slight genuflection, as if he were doing a reverence.

When the bird resumed its sweet song the child became mute and gave almost breathless attention to the dainty feathered chorister. On the infant's face was the look that people have who see visions and receive revelations, and the tender child stood overwhelmed with the vocal glory descending from the boughs.

The bird sang and the child answered, "Dah, Dah."

The bird in the tree and the baby on the walk!

Never did bird have a more appreciative auditor.

Never was there a more finely arranged antiphony.

The father called the mother. They called the older children. Then a neighbor's family was bidden to attend the rare opera. Their presence was not made known to the child.

And for some time the performance continued. The bird warbled its carol. The child uttered, as the pauses in the song gave him turn, his exclamations—delight, applause and encore all in one.

The baby boy was having a communion with nature. In its most beautiful and bounteous benignancy—the music of the bird, the softly fervent beams of a not far risen autumn sun, the exhilarating air, the rare perfumes that are the last incense the aged summer shall diffuse—in this bounty and benignancy nature was flowing into the just open soul of the child. It had free course and was glorified.

## MAN'S TRUSTED FRIEND

**Y**EARS ago I read an article entitled "The Dog's Account with His Master."

This article was written by a man who had accomplished much in the advancement of humane work. In a fascinating way, he showed the proud record made by the dog, establishing the point as stated in his own words that "For many centuries from Lord Byron to Prince Bismarck and from Prince Bismarck to Henry Berg and the present hour, never forgetting the work of the St. Bernard in saving human lives in the Alps, the dog has been the most trusted friend and, next to the horse and the mule, the most useful and necessary servant of man."

A daily newspaper printed an editorial entitled "The Baby and his Dog." Extracts from that editorial follow:

"Out on Michigan avenue there is a little boy, under three years old, who is in that 'runaway stage' that all healthy children seem bound to pass through. He is a great trouble to his mother because he will slip out of the house into the street, where automobiles are whizzing by all the day long. He did this

again on Tuesday, and there might have been no baby in that household today had not his inseparable companion, a woolly terrier called 'Patsy,' been there to protect him. For the baby toddled right out into the road, where dozens of cars were flying along, with the dog barking around him and trying to drive him back. And there came along an automobile which never paused but just emitted foolish honks to warn a child under three to get out of the way. However, the little dog had so far succeeded that the huge car merely grazed the little boy, but it left the boy's fourfooted friend a moaning heap of fur on the pavement. It was all over in less time than it takes to tell it. Some kind-hearted women who maintain a dog hospital in the neighborhood sent a skilled veterinary surgeon at once, but he could do nothing except put the little dog painlessly to death. And again a human life was saved by the faithfulness unto death of man's friend, the dog. And this instance of the dog is no strange or exceptional case. It is illustrated every day, and especially in the case of children. There seems to be something in dog nature that moves to special watchfulness over the young and weak. Time

and again it has been seen that, in a family of children, the dog will ordinarily avoid the little ones of the tousling age until they go where the dog's instinct tells the dog there is danger. Then the dog is on hand, enticing the child to safer playgrounds, crowding it back from the railroad track, calling public attention to the child and its danger, and risking its own life that the child may be saved."

Another newspaper printed this story of the mother love and a dog: "This is just a little story of mother love, and its heroine is not the mother of any of Colorado's famous sons. She is only Tip, who lives at Reudi, away over on the Frying Pan river, where she has brought up some of the prettiest families of Scotch collies that any collie mother in Colorado can boast of. But Tip is a thoroughbred and that is just the reason that most of her children are taken from her when very young. They are much in demand and she is seldom fortunate enough to see any of them grow to maturity. It has not been long since Tip's mistress gave away the last of Tip's most recent family and Tip's heart was more deeply wounded by the loss than it ever had been before on a similar oc-

casation. She was in the depth of her mourning when her friend Puss, the mother of five kittens, was killed by a handcar on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, which passes in front of her home and Tip's. The sorrow of motherless kittens appealed so strongly to Tip that she at once adopted the entire family. The kittens have now grown up to cathood under Tip's maternal care and have had little reason to regret the change of mothers."

Whatever one's circumstances may be it pays to reflect love. Not long ago I visited a great man who was confined in a sanitarium. I call him "a great man" because his whole life was filled with love for his fellows, love for little children, love for birds and beasts. At one time comparatively rich he had met with business disaster and later through illness his finely equipped mental machinery seemed to break down. But he was never too busy either with plans for his own prosperity or in building defenses from threatened adversity to give succor to helpless children or to speak a word in behalf of dumb animals. I sat in his room perhaps an hour and listened to his unintelligible discourses. In all his talk about the things which the world regards as of the greatest importance

he seemed hopelessly insane. But when the moment for my departure came the attendant dressed him saying that the two would accompany me to the train. As we left the building a little child called out in friendly greeting. Instantly the oldtime twinkle returned to the eye of my friend. Sanity seemed instantly to return and leaving the attendant he went over to the little boy and playfully punched him. Out upon the great wide lawn we walked and a fine Scotch collie dog, with love peeping from both the windows of its pure soul, came bounding toward us and placed two great paws upon the breast of my friend. From another direction came a frousy poodle with his chubby face actually covered with smiles. And then from the rear came a little rat terrier holding back just a trifle as though reluctant to trespass uninvited upon the greatness that needs no flourish of trumpets to be instantly recognized by those creatures who are able to distinguish true from false. To the Scotch collie, stretched full length before him, he gave a vigorous hug. Leaning down he rolled the poodle over and over in the sand and then with the snap of his finger he brought the modest rat terrier bounding to his feet and



rewarded him with a gentle pat. Not a sign of rambling in his discourse now. Perfect sanity reigned.

"You see they know you," I said, "and are trying to reward you for the service you have rendered them."

"No," he replied, "I was rewarded long before these fellows were born. They are simply greeting an old comrade."

And then he proceeded in the most interesting way to speak about the importance of kindness to birds and beasts as a part of the education of men as well as for the sake of the birds and the beasts themselves. And when when I took my car I looked back and saw my old friend walking toward his house of detention. The three dogs were playing about him. The lovelight was dancing in the eyes of the man as it was dancing in the eyes of the beasts, and I could not but feel that it was eminently fitting that the representatives of the animal kingdom should, in the moment of my good friend's direst need, provide for him the comfort which other friends seemed powerless to give.

Is it any wonder that turning from this in-

spiring picture I found running through my  
mind the little wayside verse:

“Nothing counts you, nothing helps you,  
When you leave the sun,  
But the love that you have given,  
And the love you’ve won.”

## MCGUFFEY AND HIS PUPILS

TIME will turn backward in its flight for those who were boys a quarter of a century ago, if they will put in an hour looking over, as I did recently, copies of the old McGuffey reader. It was just like being a boy again. A friend had loaned me copies of the third, fourth, fifth and sixth of McGuffey's Eclectic Readers. I spent a delightful evening with these old friends. As I read on and on many familiar faces of the boys and the girls of the long ago went trooping by. Indeed it seemed that every picture and every succeeding lesson brought to mind some particular playmate of the olden time. Perhaps playmate and lesson were, in the long ago, linked forever by some striking incident.

What a flood of memories these old books turn loose! It seems but yesterday when I studied McGuffey's third, the copy of which I now hold in my hand. There are the same old pictures and the same old lessons that I studied in the long ago. The picture of the boy who played truant and was thrown from the boat; the lad who called "wolf" in jest so

often that when he called "wolf" in earnest no one came to his relief; the man who, just liberated from prison, purchased the liberty of all the birds in the market place; the monkey dispensing justice to the two cats; the little cottage girl who insists on answering "we are seven," and last, but easily among the favorites, the famous story of "George and the Hatchet." In the old fourth reader I read again the story of "The Good-natured Boy," lingering as in the days of old upon the line, "a good action is never thrown away." The song of the dying swan; the story of the golden rule; the child's inquiry "How big is Alexander, Pa, that people call him great?" the boy who found the noblest revenge in "returning good for evil;" the story of Casabianca, the boy who "stood on the burning deck." These are so familiar that it seems but yesterday when I studied them and loved them every one. Then in the same old reader, is the story of "The Tempest," printed alongside the Twenty-third Psalm. In this story the captain shouts, "We are lost."

"But the little daughter whispered,  
As she took his icy hand,  
'Isn't God upon the ocean,  
Just the same as on the land?"

“Then we kissed the little maiden,  
And we spoke in better cheer;  
And we anchored safe in harbor  
When the morn was shining clear.”

Who can tell how much Doctor William H. McGuffey had to do with the building of the character of the gray-haired boys of to-day? Certainly he gave generous contribution on that line for his old readers were full of stories sufficiently interesting to command the child's attention, and breathing through every line loving kindness and practical service. These simple little tales come to us to-day not only as reminders of childhood, but as servants in our mature years even as they were our servants in youth. The busy man of today would profit by a study of these old lessons.

There is “The Bee and the Child:”

“Pretty bee, pray tell me why,  
Thus from flower to flower you fly,  
Culling sweets the livelong day,  
Never leaving off to play?”

“Little child, I'll tell you why,  
Thus from flower to flower I fly.  
Let the cause thy thoughts engage,  
From thy youth to riper age.

“Summer flowers will soon be o’er.

Winter comes, they bloom no more.

Finest days will soon be past,

Brightest suns will set at last.

“Little child, now learn of me—

Let thy youth the seed-time be.

And, when wintry age shall come,

Richly bear thy harvest home.”

Then the fable of “The Wind and the Sun” with its moral that “Gentle means will often succeed where force will fail:”

“A dispute once arose between the Wind and the Sun, as to which of the two was the stronger.

“To decide the matter, they agreed to try their power on a traveler. That party, which should first strip him of his cloak, was to win the day.

“The Wind began. He blew a cutting blast, which tore up the mountain oaks by their roots, and made the whole forest look like a wreck.

“But the traveler, though at first he could scarcely keep his cloak on his back, ran under a hill for shelter, and buckled his mantle about him more closely than ever.

“The Wind, having thus tried his utmost power in vain, the Sun began.

“Bursting through a thick cloud, he darted his sultry beams so forcibly upon the traveler’s head, that the poor fellow was almost melted.

“‘This,’ said he, ‘is past all bearing. It is so hot, that one might as well be in an oven.’”

“So he quickly threw off his cloak, and went under the shade of a tree to cool himself.”

“The Echo” with its simple appeal for gentleness is indeed a sweet echo from the recesses of the past:

“As Robert was one day rambling about, he happened to cry out, ‘Ho, ho!’ He instantly heard coming back from a hill near by, the same words ‘Ho, ho!’

“In great surprise, he said with a loud voice, ‘Who are you?’ Upon this, the same words came back, ‘Who are you?’

“Robert now cried out harshly, ‘You must be a very foolish fellow!’ ‘Foolish fellow!’ came back from the hill.

“Robert was now quite angry, and with loud and fierce words went toward the spot whence the sounds came. The words all came back to him in the same angry tone.

“He then went into the thicket, and looked for the boy, who, as he thought, was mocking him; but he could find nobody.

“When he went home, he told his mother that some boy had hid himself in the wood, for the purpose of mocking him.

“‘Robert,’ said his mother, ‘you are angry with yourself alone. You heard nothing but your own words.’

“‘Why, mother, how can that be?’ said Robert. ‘Did you never hear an echo?’ said his mother. ‘An echo, dear mother? No, I am sure I never did. What is it?’



“ ‘I will tell you,’ said his mother. ‘You know when you play with your ball, and throw it against the side of a house, it bounds back at you.’ ‘Yes, mother,’ said he, ‘and I catch it again.’

“ ‘Well,’ said his mother, ‘if I were in the open air, by the side of a hill or a large barn, and should speak very loud, my voice would be sent back, so that I could hear again the very words which I spoke.

“ ‘That, my son, is an echo. When you thought some one was mocking you, it was only the hill before you, echoing, or sending back your own voice.

“ ‘The bad boy, as you thought it was, spoke no more angrily than yourself. If you had spoken kindly, you would have heard a kind reply.

“ ‘Had you spoken in a low, sweet, gentle tone, the voice that came back would have been as low, sweet, and gentle as your own.

“ ‘The Bible says, A soft answer turneth away wrath. Remember this, when you are at play with your schoolmates.’ ”

The story of “The Honest Man” might be read with profit by men in every walk of life:

“A farmer called, one day, upon a rich neighbor, who was very fond of hunting, and told him that his wheat had been so much cut up by the hunter’s dogs, that, in some parts, there would be no crop.

“ ‘Well, my friend,’ said the hunter, ‘I know that we have often met in that wheat field. If you will give me an estimate of your loss, I will repay you.’

“The farmer said, that with the help of a friend, he had made an estimate. They thought that one hundred dollars would not more than repay him.

"The hunter gave him the money. As the harvest came on, however, the farmer found, that the wheat in that place was the strongest and best in the field.

"He called again, and said, 'I have come about that wheat, of which I spoke to you some time since.'

" 'Well, my friend,' said the hunter, 'did I not allow you enough for the loss?'

" 'O yes,' said the farmer, 'I find there will be no loss at all. Where the dogs most cut up the land, the crop is the best. I have therefore brought back the money.'

" 'Ah,' cried the hunter, 'that is what I like. This is what ought to be between man and man.'

He then went into another room, and returning, gave the farmer five hundred dollars.

" 'Take care of this,' said he, 'and when your oldest son is twenty-one years old give it to him, and tell him how it came into your hands.' "

"Things to Remember" are as good today as they were forty years ago, and here we have these old friends again:

"When you rise in the morning, remember who kept you from danger during the night. Remember who watched over you while you slept, and whose sun shines around you, and gives you the sweet light of day.

"Let God have the thanks of your heart, for His kindness and His care. And pray for His protection during the wakeful hours of day.

"Remember that God made all creatures to be happy; and will do nothing that may prevent their being so.

“When you are at the table, do not eat in a greedy manner, like a pig. Eat quietly, and without noise. Do not reach forth your hand for the food, but ask some one to help you.

“Do not become peevish and pout, because you do not get a part of everything. Be satisfied with what is given you.

“Avoid a pouting face, angry looks, and angry words. Do not slam the doors. Go quickly up and down stairs; and never make a loud noise about the house.

“Be kind and gentle in your manners; not like the howling winter storm, but like the bright summer’s morning.

“Do always as your parents bid you. Obey them with a ready mind, and with a pleasant face.

“Never do anything that you would be afraid or ashamed that your parents should know. Remember, if no one else sees you, God does; from whom you can not hide even your most secret thought.

“At night, before you go to sleep, think whether you have done anything that was wrong, during the day, and pray to God to forgive you. If any one has done you wrong, forgive him in your heart.

“If you have not learned something useful, or been in some way useful, during the past day, think that it is a day lost, and be very sorry for it.

“Trust in the Lord, and He will guide you in the way of good men. The path of the just is a light that shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

“We must do all the good we can to all men, for this is well pleasing in the sight of God. He delights

to see his children walk in love, and do good, one to another.

“If any of them should be offended, and speak in a loud, angry tone, remember the echo, and let your words be soft and kind.

“When you come home from school, and find your little brother cross and peevish, speak mildly to him. You will soon see a smile on his lips, and find that his tones will become mild and sweet.

“Whether you are in the fields or in the woods, at school or at play, at home or abroad, remember

“The good and the kind,  
By kindness their love ever proving,  
Will dwell with the pure and the loving.”

The fable of the clock and the sun-dial showing that “humble modesty is more often liked than a proud and boasting spirit” has rendered service to many generations of men:

“One gloomy day, the Clock on a steeple looking down on the Sun-dial in a garden near by, said, ‘How stupid it is in you to stand there like a stock.

“ ‘You never tell the hour, till a bright sun looks forth from the sky, and gives you leave. I go merrily round, day and night in summer and winter the same, without asking his leave.

“ ‘I tell the people the time to rise, to come to dinner and to go to church.

“ ‘Hark! I am going to strike now; one, two, three, four. There it is for you. How silly you look. You can say nothing.’

“The sun, at that moment broke forth from behind

a cloud, and showed by the Sun-dial, that the Clock was half an hour behind 'the right time.

“The boasting Clock now held his tongue, and the Dial only smiled at his folly.”

Then there is the little lesson entitled  
“Speak Gently:”

“Speak gently; it is better far  
To rule by love than fear:  
Speak gently; let no harsh words mar  
The good we might do here.

“Speak gently to the little child;  
Its love be sure to gain;  
Teach it in accents soft and mild;  
It may not long remain.

“Speak gently to the aged one;  
Grieve not the care-worn heart;  
The sands of life are nearly run;  
Let such in peace depart.

“Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;  
Let no harsh word be heard;  
They have enough they must endure,  
Without an unkind word.

“Speak gently to the erring; know  
They may have toiled in vain;  
Perhaps unkindness made them so;  
O, win them back again.

“Speak gently; 'tis a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
The good, the joy, which it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.”

There is the Lord's Prayer written in simple verse:

"Our Father in heaven,  
We hallow thy name,  
May thy kingdom holy  
On earth be the same;  
O, give to us daily,  
Our portion of bread,  
It is from thy bounty,  
That all must be fed.

"Forgive our transgressions,  
And teach us to know  
That humble compassion,  
That pardons each foe;  
Keep us from temptation,  
From weakness and sin,  
And thine be the glory  
Forever; Amen!"

Would it be possible to give accurate estimate of the number of men and women throughout America who studied the McGuffey readers? These will be interested in a description of the famous school book author, as written by a fine old Virginia gentleman, who not only studied the McGuffey readers but studied under Dr. McGuffey himself. This gentleman lives at Rockbridge Baths, Virginia, and as will be seen by a letter which he wrote to the author of this publication he

is faithful and true to the principles which Dr. McGuffey sought to impress upon his pupils:

"Dr. William H. McGuffey long and ably filled the chair of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, at the University of Virginia. I had, for his life and character, profound respect. When the Civil War was over I, like many other Virginia boys, was left a cripple. My home, where my people for three generations before me lived and died, was in Pocahontas county, Virginia, now a part of West Virginia. It was in this county of old Virginia, where General Robert E. Lee assembled that vast army of more than forty full regiments of men in the summer of 1861, to check the march of General McClellan.

"In the month of October, 1866, I first went to the University of Virginia as a student and took with me a letter of introduction to Dr. McGuffey, written by my dear friend and teacher, Rev. James H. Leps, saying many things in my favor, few of which, I am sorry to say, I have been able to live up to. The day after I reached the university I delivered this letter and from the interesting way in which Dr. McGuffey read it, and the kindly way he looked me over, I was sure that Dr.



McGuffey would be my friend. Dr. McGuffey was then living at the extreme east end of West Lawn and his office was attached to the dwelling. He would then have passed as an old man, although at that time he possessed perfect mental and physical vigor, he was nearer seventy than sixty years of age. At this first meeting with Dr. McGuffey young as I was, I was much impressed with the man. With his readers and spelling books, I was quite familiar, as they had been used as text books in all the schools I had attended. I learned afterwards that it always pleased the doctor to find the university men who had been brought up when boys on his school books.

"Dr. McGuffey was rather a small man, being well proportioned, cleanly shaven, very bald, with good side locks, hair that was still very black, piercing blue eyes, and a splendid round forehead and head, set on shoulders that were still very erect; with this description you have as good a pen picture as I can make of Dr. McGuffey.

"At our first meeting Dr. McGuffey was plainly but neatly dressed. In this respect he was more particular than any other member of the faculty. His office was the neatest place

of the kind I had ever seen, and I am sure that since then, I have never seen an office of any professional man quite up to Dr. McGuffey's. I did not take Dr. McGuffey's ticket in 1866-7, but was a member of his Bible class that year, and heard him lecture every Sabbath morning, and nearly always managed to have a few moments' pleasant chat with him after the lecture. I took a moral philosophy ticket in 1867-8 and was a member of Dr. McGuffey's Bible class during the three years from 1867 to 1869. In the Bible class lectures, Dr. McGuffey did not ask questions, and did not want the students to ask him questions. The fact that he did not catechise in his Bible classes, made him quite popular with the students, and this fact, connected with Dr. McGuffey's known ability as a Bible lecturer, always gave him a good audience.

“When Dr. McGuffey was aroused he was a fierce man and would resent an insult but it was all over in a few minutes. During my last school year, I roomed on West Lawn, not a great distance from Dr. McGuffey's house, and I had a good opportunity to study his character. He was the most thoroughly practical man I ever knew. The sun, moon and stars might change, but Dr. McGuffey never. I

never saw a man of such perfect habits, and as a proof I will mention one incident. He had three overcoats of different texture and weight, and by observing these overcoats you could forecast the weather perfectly; the overcoats were far more to be depended upon by the students than the flags now displayed at the weather bureau at Washington are by the general public. In his lecture room, Dr. McGuffey was an absolute sovereign, and required every student to be a perfect gentleman; he had no patience with anything like rowdyism. His advice to young men was to take truth wherever found and this is what he defined as 'Eclecticism,' the title of his school books. His advice was to think and ask for yourself, imitating no one, but to be as natural in manners as a child; and that the perfectly natural mindedness of children was why the kingdom of heaven was peopled with little children. Dr. McGuffey was a man of great energy and was a great admirer of great men who had been great workers. He was a great admirer of the life and character of St. Paul. As a consequence his class of 1867-8 of which I was a member, was given Dr. Paley's 'Horae Paulina' to analyze, and this analysis was made a part of our final exam-

ination for that year. He was a great admirer of the poet Shakespeare, and often referred to him in his lectures. His claim was that Shakespeare knew more about the Bible and more about human nature than any other uninspired man up to his day; that that was why his writings were of such great value. His advice to the student was, first to study the Bible and next Shakespeare; and as I had never read one of Shakespeare's plays up to that time, I believed that my education had been sadly neglected. After leaving the university I procured a copy of the poems and for the next two years spent the greater part of my time, much to the disgust of my father, in the study of Shakespeare.

“I have given you quite a yarn for one of my age and as a new ground patch of buckwheat is ready to cut tomorrow, and as there is no one to help the boys except the old man, I will have to stop for this time. And God bless every one of you that is trying to uphold truth and righteousness with tongue and pen.”

### "GOOD, GOLDEN STUFF"

A NEW YORK newspaper printed this editorial: "We should hate to think that children are becoming hypocritical. Yet in the answers received from various boys and girls to the question put to them by a newspaper, what they would do if they had \$1,000,000 it was a startling unanimity with which the youngsters decided that they would devote a large portion of their wealth to the poor. One boy remarked: 'I would give money to different orphan asylums and the Salvation Army, etc.' The next declared: 'If I had a mother I would support her, I would buy a comfortable home to live in, give some money to the poor and help build them homes.' Another averred: 'If \$1,000,000 were mine to spend, I would use but little of it for myself.' One boy has a normal streak in wanting an automobile, but even he is eager to take the poor people out riding in it. Shades of Tom Sawyer!"

It would be entirely safe to accept these answers at their face value. The dreams of most men and women, beginning with their babyhood, is the dream of the honest philan-

thropist; and if we could but learn the truth concerning some of our neighbors for whom we may have a very poor opinion, our attitude toward them might undergo a change when we learned of the real character of their dreams.

The news of the day is full of stories from life that make the heart beat faster because of the great kindness shown by the so-called "common run" of men and women.

A young man attempted to rob the alms box in a Chicago church, and made an assault upon the priest, firing two shots at him. Appearing in police court the priest refused to prosecute, saying, "This young man was starving when he attempted robbery and murder. I am going to pay his passage back to England where his family lives, as they have assured me that they will try to reform him. I don't believe he is half bad."

A Philadelphia paper recently printed a story showing that a little Lancashire girl had been denied entrance to America on the ground that she was afflicted with consumption. Her parents had died in the old country and she came to America for the purpose of joining her brother, a mechanic living in an Ohio town. It was necessary for a bond of



\$2000.00 to be given, guaranteeing that the young girl would be cared for, otherwise she would be returned to her old home. The brother wrote to the Philadelphia paper as follows:

"I am the only relative in the world that she has. Both of her parents are dead and I am her only brother. I think the authorities ought to let her come through, so long as she is so near. I promise to give her good care and medical treatment. I have a physician who says that he will take care of her. While I am not the owner of a home, I work all the time and make good wages, and I can support her."

The rest of the story is told by the Philadelphia paper in an editorial as follows:

"Our presses had hardly cooled when a Philadelphia business man read, at his breakfast table, the story of that sister and that brother. It was just an incident of a day's happenings in the world, and one that was not in the least his affair. But, before noon, the immigration officer had been notified that a signature and ample security were ready for the bond that would create that lonely girl's greatest happiness and, in all likelihood, would save her life. It will do no harm for all who



are overready to believe evil of their fellows to know that a syndicate was formed that day around a table in the smoking room of one of Philadelphia's most prominent clubs, when ten of the city's business men planned to give the little lass from Lancashire a chance for life among those who love her. These men shall be nameless, because the bond signer did the good work first. But they give us added reason to tell these things in preference to discussing tariffs and finance and economic matters, deemed ordinarily of first importance, because we think it more important, when occasion comes, to emphasize the truth that, beneath all materialism, there still exists, and always will persist, the human sympathy in which is rooted all that is good in modern civilization."

An Associated Press dispatch from Princeton, Indiana, tells of a unique wedding affair. After the ceremony the young couple settled down at home while the father and mother of the bride, who had not had a vacation for many a year, took the bridal tour. Referring to the old folks the Press dispatch says: "They were given a royal sendoff and received the old shoes and rice intended for the bridal couple, while the newly-weds settled down

at home immediately, just like old folks, happy that 'father and mother' were to enjoy a good trip. The parents had long wanted to make the trip, and when the marriage arrangements were made, the young couple decided to send them in their places on the bridal tour."

A New York magistrate was severely denounced by the newspapers for having passed a light sentence upon a man convicted of robbery. In open court the judge defended his act of mercy. He said:

"I never knew the prisoner at the bar, and as far as I know, I never knew any man who does know him. Many a man has been snatched as a brand from the burning by a suspended sentence. By such action in many instances men are kept in the path of rectitude and out of the growing army of criminals that is becoming such a menace to the community. In this case I saw the witnesses and had the opportunity of judging for myself as to the truth of their statements. I saw the complainant reluctantly admit that he identified the defendant, after refusals to do so, and I heard him admit that he was intoxicated at the time of the alleged offence. The complainant's wife's story was not in harmony

with his own. The money at issue was restored, it is admitted, brought out in the testimony. This case was on the borderland. There was just enough legal evidence of an offence to send the case to a jury. All these facts moved the court to leniency toward a man whom the court did not know and in whose behalf no one spoke. Now, I have the record in this case. It was that of a lawless, quarrelsome man, who, swayed by passion, broke laws. There is not a taint of dishonesty in the man's whole record. I had a letter from a man who employed him previously, and who promised, in the event of his release, to employ him again. This man stood at the parting of the ways. I could have said, 'Fifteen years for you,' on the one hand. On the other hand I could say, 'Sentence upon you is suspended, go back to your employment and your wife.' My heart, God knows, my heart was moved, perhaps unduly so, but here was a chance for me to put this man's feet upon the solid rock where he could be reclaimed. I embraced the opportunity. But a section of the Penal Code stopped me. I could not suspend sentence. The law shut the door in my face. So I sentenced him to two months in the penitentiary, in order that

when his imprisonment is over he might come out and feel like going back to his work and his wife like a man."

An eastern paper tells of the work being done by a well known citizen. "Standing on a box placed beside the curb at the southeast corner of Broad and Chestnut streets, a well-dressed man about thirty-five or forty years old, collects money nightly to provide food and lodging for penniless and homeless men. He seldom makes a spoken appeal. What he wants is set forth on a placard held aloft by a man standing at his side. Each night he provides beds and arranges for breakfast for from twenty to fifty men, he says. When his collections are not sufficient to defray the expenses he pays the necessary sum from his own pocket."

Newspaper dispatches from New Orleans told of the surrender by a prominent citizen of that town, of a \$100,000 estate, in favor of two cousins. He said he had a good business and ample supply of money and he believed that his cousins had a better right to the legacy than he had.

An old negro who was ferryman on the Alabama River, and who saved many a life, died not long ago at Montgomery, Alabama.

More than one thousand white persons of the best families of the city, attended the funeral, and white school boys served as pallbearers.

The late George T. Angell, editor of "Our Dumb Animals," always insisted "There are lots of honest people in this world." On one occasion Dr. Angell said: "Some years ago my doctor, experimenting for the cure of asthma, ordered one prescription after another up to the number of perhaps half a dozen. On carrying in the last to a prominent druggist, he said to me quietly, 'I think Mr. Angell, the less of this stuff you take the better off you will be.' In a Florida town some years ago I called upon a druggist (an entire stranger) and asked who was the best doctor in that city to treat asthma. He replied promptly that a certain doctor was undoubtedly the best physician in Jacksonville to treat asthma, but added that the doctor had never sent him a prescription in his life. Some time ago I consulted a Boston dentist, asking him what improvement he could make on my teeth. It was a good chance for him to get fifteen or or twenty dollars, but he replied that he would not advise any change. There are lots of honest people in the world."

These things are worth knowing whenever one's stock of cynicism is running high. Kindness is natural with men, and little children are not playing a part when they display it. In the language of a newspaper man, "The mighty good, golden stuff that is in common men is revealed from time to time by such acts as these."

Julia Ward Howe, one of America's sweetest singers, and now in the ninetieth year of her useful life, recently had a vision which she described in this way: "One night recently I experienced a sudden awakening. I had a vision of a new era which is to dawn for mankind and in which men and women are battling equally, unitedly, for the uplifting and emancipation of the race from evil. I saw men and women of every clime working like bees to unwrap the evils of society and to discover the whole web of vice and misery, and to apply the remedies and also find the influences that should best counteract evil and its attending suffering. There seemed to be a new, a wondrous, ever-permeating light, the glory of which I cannot attempt to put in human words—the light of new-born hope and sympathy blazing. The source of this light was human endeavor—immortal purpose of countless thousands of men and



women, who were equally doing their part in the world. I saw the men and the women, standing side by side, shoulder to shoulder, a common, lofty and indomitable purpose lighting every face with a glory not of this earth. All were advancing with one end in view, one foe to trample, one everlasting good to gain. And then I saw the victory. All of evil was gone from the earth. Misery was blotted out. Mankind was emancipated and ready to march forward in a new era of human understanding, all-encompassing sympathy and ever-present help. The era of perfect love, of peace, passing understanding!"

There are many who are simple-hearted enough to believe that Mrs. Howe's vision describes the world as it will be, and must be, if our religion is not a failure. In the light of the moral awakening apparent on every hand, in the presence of the wealth of individual effort toward the world's betterment these simple-hearted folk feel that, in the very language of Mrs. Howe's beautiful hymn:

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall  
never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his  
judgment seat;

Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer him! Be  
jubilant, my feet!

For truth is marching on."



## IN THE PRISON SELF

THEY are worth finding out," said an observing man, "these words that move men most." What may be said to young men that has not already been said in better form. What words may be employed that have not been used—and vainly—in an effort to command the serious attention of youth; youth which "normally shows the same characteristics in almost all cases, loving sunshine, beauty, pleasure, gaiety and movement, and believing itself by some divine right absolved from pain and predestined to happiness." I am sure I but express the sentiments commonly felt by every experienced man who is called upon to write for young men, when I say that I would be happy, indeed, if I could feel that some of the things I have written have sunk deep into the soul of a single lad. The world would soon be happy if one man profited by the experience of another. With the mishaps of centuries before us it seems difficult to avoid the rocks even though they be plainly marked upon the chart board of the world's experience, a chart board that is stained with blood and

tears. Is it any wonder that one who counts himself something of a student of boydom approaches with marked diffidence the task of commanding for the Schoolmaster Experience serious attention at the hands of the master of this hour:

"Oh, for boyhood's time of June,  
Crowding years in one brief moon,  
When all things I heard or saw,  
Me, their master, waited for."

But in the way of the world pain and perplexity await "the master;" in the way of the world the laughing, care-free boy of today will become the serious-faced, burden-laden man of tomorrow. I do not say that it is God's way that the thorn should ever be uppermost for man in his journey through life; but the rose-strewn pathway is not in accord with the customs of men. When men shall blaze their ways in accordance with the field notes of God the earth will be covered with the footpaths of peace, strewn with the forget-me-nots of the angels, "those little nameless acts of kindness and of love" that have been called "the best remembered portion of a good man's life."

It will be said that that describes the millenium, but it will come with the conquest of

the world, and to every human being that lives, the conquest of self means the conquest of all. "Do you want to know the man against whom you have most reason to guard yourself? Your looking glass will give you a very fair likeness of his face."

I doubt not that every thoughtful man who has seen the shadows as well as the sunshine of life, being asked to point to a text for the benefit of a boy would underscore the truth-full line: "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

"Summe up at night what thou hast done by day:  
And in the morning what thou hast to do.  
Dresse and undresse thy soul; mark the decay  
And growth of it; if, with thy watch, that too  
Be down, then winde up both; since we shall be  
Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree."

There is not in American history, an instance of failure in the life of a public man that has not been due to that man's lack of self-control.

Arnold and Burr provide, perhaps, the most fascinating chapters in American history. Admittedly, Burr was a failure—next to Benedict Arnold, the most pathetic, awful failure in history.

We have been taught to believe everything bad that has been said of Aaron Burr, and, perhaps, Hamilton's emissaries did not slander the hot-headed man, but Burr thought he traced these stories directly to Hamilton, and challenged him to duel. In all literature there is nothing more pathetic than the letter written by Alexander Hamilton on the night preceding his duel with Burr. In that letter he told the public that he accepted Burr's challenge, because to decline it meant the destruction of his influence for the public good. Undoubtedly, he meant it all, but in accepting the challenge, he failed. Had he conquered himself, had he become the master of his own spirit, his own spirit which was opposed to blood-shed, would have prevailed. Unquestionably, it would have required extraordinary courage for Hamilton to have antagonized the brutal, bloody custom of the day, but the display of such courage would have been in harmony with the service he rendered his fellows in other particulars, with the work he did for his country in many ways. And it may be believed that then, as now, the brave words of a man righteously protesting against wicked custom would have had immediate, as well as lasting, results.

And what of Aaron Burr? In the language of another: “It is with pity unspeakable that one reads the story of Aaron Burr. It is the saddest chapter in the annals of the human race. We turn from the perusal of that checkered life—of so much glory and so much shame—with the settled conviction that there was but one thing needful to have made him one of the most resplendent figures in American history—a moral sense. Of that he was as destitute as the beasts which perish. And for this fatal deficiency nothing can compensate—neither brilliant talents, nor lofty eloquence, nor profound learning, nor leonine courage, nor winsome manners, nor sparkling wit, nor handsome presence, nor amiable qualities, nor renowned ancestry. With all these—good within themselves and universally coveted by the children of men—Aaron Burr was lavishly endowed by Nature in her most prodigal moods; but she withheld from him the most precious of her gifts—a pure and honest heart. Whether outstripping all his fellows at Princeton; deliberately scouting the religion of his fathers; fighting valiantly as a soldier of the Revolution; standing proudly at the head of the New York Bar; filling the great offices of Attorney-General, Senator of the United States, and Vice-Pres-

ident; remaining silent and motionless when a word or motion would have made him President; killing Alexander Hamilton in a duel; fleeing in disguise a fugitive from justice; dreaming of an empire, himself the emperor; plotting the ruin and dismemberment of his country; on trial for his life on a charge of high treason; a vagabond in Europe, today dancing with ladies of the royal blood, tomorrow starving in a garret; stealing back muffled, incognito to his native land; cut by his old acquaintances, repulsed by his quondam friends; at the age of nearly fourscore wedding Madame Jummel against her will; carrying for forty years a load of obloquy sufficient to have damned half the world; at last on the banks of the River Styx cracking jokes with the grim Ferryman himself;—anywhere, everywhere, in all places, at all times, and under all circumstances, he is the same: bland, bold, brilliant, amiable, seductive, plausible, and utterly without trace of conscience."

Perhaps, after all, this critic is in error to a certain extent. It may be that nature gave to Aaron Burr as pure and as honest a heart as she gave to any of the sons of men; it may be that Burr failed to permit that pure and honest heart to have its sway. Certain

it is that with all his faults, there were many devoted men who could see the good in him; and if we would see indisputable proof that he was not all bad, but that purity and honesty and truth were capable of struggling in Aaron Burr, with the evil side, we have but to read some of the splendid letters he wrote to his daughter, Theodosia. We have but to study the comradeship between this father and daughter, like unto which, there has been nothing in history, excepting not even the instances of David and Jonathan, of Damon and Pythias. When we are tempted to say that from Aaron Burr nature withheld a pure and honest heart, and that he was utterly without trace of conscience, we are called upon for an explanation of our claim, when we read in one of this unhappy daughter's letters addressed to her friendless father, then in a Richmond jail, "I had rather not live than not to be the daughter of such a man."

The name of Aaron Burr suggests the name of Benedict Arnold. Together their names have been written in infamy; but history records that together they performed heroic deeds, together they marched through the woods of Canada, together they stormed



Quebec; and of these expeditions, made in behalf of the American republic, one of Burr's most bitter critics, says, "All history furnishes nothing more heroic."

And what of Benedict Arnold? We know that his name has come to be a synonym for treason and so hated is his memory that the school boy has not been encouraged to study the story of his life. It is, indeed, a most fascinating story; and as in the case of Burr, so in the case of Arnold, the American lad should familiarize himself with the merits as well as the demerits of the man, with the beauty as well as the ugliness of his life. Of all the characters of the American Revolution, none better than Burr and Arnold can serve as at once inspiration and warning to the youth.

For the purpose of our own education, as well as for the matter of doing justice to our fellows, we ought to remember that the heroes of history are, after all, human and that the villains—not excepting Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold—are not as black as they are painted. Black spots that appear upon their records came because of the neglect of self-training. In the case of Arnold, as in the case of Burr, and as with the failures of men, generally, great shame results from a

small and inconsequential beginning. When the life of Benedict Arnold shall be studied from the view point that gives proper recognition to the weakness of individuals, and to the meanness of coteries of trap-laying politicians, then, in the language of another, there will mingle with Arnold's condemnation, that infinite pity suggested by George William Curtis—"infinite pity that a nature so heroic, and with a record so brilliant should have been driven by a sense of bitter wrong, and the violence of his passions, to a crime so inexcusable."

I quote from one writer who is disposed to do simple justice to "the traitor:"

"On the exposure of his treason, it became the passionate desire of a whole nation to blacken his character. Instantly he became an outcast and an outlaw. Every pen denounced, and every tongue cursed him. If this had been confined to his treason, none would have questioned its justice, but in their just hatred, the people wished to make him wholly odious. He who had been the trusted friend of Washington and Warren and Schuyler, was now declared guilty of every crime, and denied a single virtue. Even his undeniable bravery, exhibited on so many battle-

fields, was declared to be only 'Dutch courage.' He who in Philadelphia and elsewhere had been the courteous and honored host, at whose table the highest and most intelligent officers of the army and of civil life were glad to meet, was now declared a 'low, vulgar, illiterate horse-jockey and skipper.' These were the natural results of his odious crime. But Arnold was not the first character in history who has shown that great crimes are not incompatible with great virtues."

In the language of another:

"The great duke of Marlborough was, according to Macaulay, doubly a traitor; false and treacherous to James and the Prince of Orange in turn—both a spy and a traitor. And yet, go to the palace of Blenheim, and behold how England forgave his crimes and rewarded his virtues. It is difficult to conceive of darker crimes than those of David, the great king of Israel—murder and perfidy from the vilest motives! And yet the heart that conceived and executed the treacherous murder of Uriah, indited the Psalms, and was so tender and affectionate that David would have gladly died for the unnatural Absalom! The king repented and God and man forgave him. If we can not forgive

Arnold, we can and ought to be just to him."

It required great courage on the part of this critic to even suggest that justice be done to Benedict Arnold, just as though it were sin to ask justice for any human being! Yet it is a habit of men to give unduly in tribute and in blame to the hero and the villain of history. One spirited young woman created a sensation on one occasion when she publicly declared that she had the best blood of any family in the republic, for she was related to Benedict Arnold by one of her parents and Aaron Burr by the other; and it was in either case good blood. It was the sort of blood that flows around a pure and honest heart. Nature is not to be blamed for the folly of either. Both of them realized the importance of winning battles with other men. Neither understood the value of a victory over his own bad self. As a matter of history, no one soldier served the American colonies better than Benedict Arnold did during the period when he kept his thoughts upon high endeavor. Washington repeatedly eulogized him. But our American forefathers, just like the men of today, were human beings. There were coteries of envious men then, as now, and then, as now, marked injustice was done by

scheming politicians to great American servants. Arnold was marked as envy's victim. Strong enough in dealing with other men, he proved himself all too weak when dealing with his own spirit. True the record shows that he struggled for a time manfully, accepting insult and injustice. One time when about to resign because of the attacks made upon him, Arnold yielded to Washington's request that he withhold his resignation saying in a letter addressed to Washington, "Every personal injury shall be buried in my zeal for the safety and happiness of my country, in whose cause I have repeatedly fought and bled, and am ready at all times to risk my life." In one of his letters to Peggy, his wife, written from camp, he said that he was almost tired of human nature, adding, "I daily discover so much baseness and ingratitude among mankind, that I almost blush at being of the same species and could quit the stage without regret, was it not for some gentle, generous souls like my dear Peggy who still retain the lively impression of their Maker's image, and who with smiles of goodness make all happy around them. Let me beg of you not to suffer the rude attacks on me to give you one moment's uneasiness; they can do me no injury."

If Arnold had only been able to follow to the end on that line, he need never to have changed the motto on the Arnold arms, from "All I seek is glory," to the pathetic phrase of "Never despair."

There is ample reason for believing that in the beginning there was no treason in his heart; his soul seemed to shrivel up under the attacks of envious and designing men, and little by little he went from bad to worse, until he lived to see himself despised by men who had once honored him, and he died in poverty and disgrace. Those who contend that Arnold was all bad, even at the lowest point of his career, will have to explain the fact that when Andre, the British spy, was under sentence of death, Arnold proposed to give himself up to the American authorities in order to save Andre's life.

Americans should not be afraid to read the life of Benedict Arnold, and to read it in an impartial light. It is one of the saddest stories in all the history of the world, and there will be general agreement with one writer who says, "There is no character in history nor is there any in poetry or fiction, better calculated to teach and illustrate the beauty and the wisdom of fidelity, and the



infamy and the folly of treachery, than his."

The struggle for mastery over one's own spirit does not always center upon a glaring fault. It was the fault of carelessness that prevented one famous American from realizing upon the ambition of his life. Vanity was the undoing of another. Immorality paved the way for Burr's downfall, and weakness in the presence of criticism and the persistent cultivation of revengeful thoughts transformed Benedict Arnold from one of history's greatest soldiers to one of history's greatest traitors. If any one of these men had devoted to the ruling of self a small proportion of the endeavor they gave to their country, every one of them would have been successful.

One of Nathaniel Hawthorne's stories is entitled "The Great Stone Face."

It is related:

Amongst a family of lofty mountains there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. All of these had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, which was a work of nature, in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a



proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of a human countenance. Children grew to manhood and womanhood with the noble features of the Great Stone Face before their eyes. The expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

A mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door talking about the Great Stone Face, and gazing upon it.

"Mother," said the lad whose name was Ernest, "I wish that it could speak for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered the mother, "we may see a man, sometime or other, with exactly such a face as that."

Then the mother told him the story of the prophecy which was, in effect, that at some future day some one would appear whose

countenance should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

This prophecy was ever in the mind of the lad. He grew up within the benediction of the Great Stone Face, ever looking for, and hoping yet to see, his dream come true.

He was doomed to many disappointments in his search.

One man, a rich shop keeper, appeared and was declared to be the prophecy come true; but when the lad whose ideal ever lay close to his heart saw the shop keeper withhold charity from the poor he knew that his search had not ended.

Then came one who had secured great fame as a soldier. By the populace he was proclaimed the very image of the Great Stone Face. But Ernest could not recognize the resemblance. There was the countenance full of energy, but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies were wanting.

Years sped away. Ernest was now a simple-hearted man, whose hopes, educated through the Great Stone Face, were to do some great good to mankind. A statesman appeared on the scene and he was proclaimed as the man of prophecy. But Ernest did not recognize the resemblance. The marvelously gifted statesman lacked in his countenance

the testimony that high purpose had endowed his endeavor with reality.

Years hurried onward, scattering white hairs over the head of Ernest, making reverend wrinkles across his forehead, and furrows in his cheeks. Men of learning came from far to see and talk with him, for the report had gone abroad that this simple husbandman had ideas unlike those of other men, not gained from books, but of a higher tone—a tranquil and familiar majesty as if he had been talking with the angels, as his daily friends.

It was about this time that a celebrated poet made his appearance. He was greeted as the long sought man. Impressed with the products of the poet's pen, Ernest expressed the hope that the prophecy might be fulfilled in him. But the poet confessed that he was not the man, because he lacked faith in the grandeur, the beauty and the goodness which his own works were said to have made more evident in nature and in human life.

At the hour of sunset Ernest and the poet, arm in arm, journeyed to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. In one direction was seen the Great Stone Face. Ernest began to speak to the people. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; his thoughts had reality

and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had lived. His words were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them.

The poet as he listened felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears he gazed reverently at the venerable man who had lived the ideal he had loved; and then by an irresistible impulse he threw his arms aloft and shouted, "Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

Then all the people looked and for the first time saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was so; the prophecy was fulfilled; the dream of the lad who under the inspiration of a great ideal ruled his own spirit had come true.

Tolstoy has defined the purpose of life in this way:

"Life then is the activity of the animal individuality working in submission to the law of reason. Reason shows man that happiness can not be obtained by a self-life and leaves only one outlet open for him and that is love. Love is the only legitimate manifestation of life. It is an activity and has for its

object the good of others. When it makes its appearance the meaningless strife of the animal life ceases."

And Henry Van Dyke has written:

"Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul;  
Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll.  
And when he comes to call thee, arise and follow  
fast;  
His way may lead through darkness, but it leads  
to light at last."

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## EDUCATING THE HEART

A GERMAN philosopher gave an ambitious youth something to think about when he reminded him that "The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness—one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one, we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker."

Someone has said that "The true purpose of education is to cherish and unfold the seed

immortality has already sown within us; to develop to the fullest extent the capacities of every kind with which the God who made us has endowed us."

This seed is not unfolded until the heart as well as the head is educated. If for one's own children, one were required to choose a little more of one and a little less of the other, it would be best to ask for the development of the heart; the man who is early impressed with the duty he owes to his fellows will have the highest incentive for learning the things worth knowing. The individual makes greater progress when in the matter of enlargement, the heart maintains a safe lead over the head.

Too many men are afraid of doing simple things for fear their fellows will smile; yet the simple things have moved the world and the great and independent order of the simple-hearted is growing in numbers with each succeeding hour.

To develop this capacity, to find in the flower by the river's brim something more than a yellow primrose, to grasp the meaning of the beauties of nature, to understand the subtle suggestion of flowers and of children, and of all the tender phases of life, to hold one's self ever in touch with truth as it is revealed in the

heart—these are things worth striving for. In the development of these capacities, we learn that the greatest truths, like the greatest men, are the simplest.

Men who can think owe it to society to keep themselves free to think for society's benefit. They are, indeed, their brothers' keepers and are the ordained servants of their thoughtless fellows.

As "the feeble hands and helpless, groping blindly in the darkness, touch God's right hand in that darkness and are lifted up and strengthened," so the honest thinkers of the world help the kneeling subjects of Despair; so the sweet, harmonious music of the simple truth swelling through the hearts of men reminds us of the one great fact that in every work of art, in every song of nature, in every generous word or noble deed or tender thought—in all that leads toward love, and life, and truth—we feel the hand that clothes the lilies in the field.



"COUSIN MAY"

NOT all the "thought of thinking souls" sees the light of day. Much of it is hidden away in old and faded letters, some of it is concealed in the archives of men's hearts.

In an eastern city lives a sweet-faced woman, an invalid from birth, yet in all the years, a patient sharer of the woes of others.

Partly because she was the first-born in her generation and largely because of her loving-kindness and her strength of character, she came to be known within her extensive family circle as the dean of her generation. Thus to many of the children of her own mother's dead sisters she became the guide, philosopher and friend. It is like touching hands with the mothers of a former generation to commune with this woman, so full is her heart of family history, of family loves, griefs and hopes. This much by way of introducing the "thought of thinking souls" which fills the letters of "Cousin May" as she is known in that circle where she is loved and honored because she is known.

Because there are in so many families

women who hold the rank held by this gray-haired sweetheart of many a gray-haired man and woman, I give you an extract from one of her letters written to a writer upon receipt of one of his productions. No apology or explanation is needed to those whose own hearts are linked to the loving and beloved past and whose own precious memories are revived in the afternoon or the evening of life through the tender ministrations of a "Cousin May." And here are some sentences from this letter which I am privileged to copy :

"My dear boy: Your book lies before me stirring old memories and a thousand tender associations such as no one else now living could feel for it but myself, who knows the far sources from which its springs were fed. And that you have sent it to me connects the past with the present in a vital and happy fashion. As I have turned its pages your war-time birth, your mother's rich and beautiful personality, the passionate devotion to her which showed itself with your first acts of volition, the characteristics of your boyhood after your child's heart had suffered the wrench of her departure and you had become an inmate of our home, come vividly back to me with a rush of old memories. I like to

recall how tenderly I loved you then and afterwards and how much I desired to see you develop along the lines of the rich promise I saw—and your mother saw—with-in you. I remember our Sunday afternoons. Do you?—But I know that you do by what is before me. Since then the paths have diverged; life carried you one way and me another, but as your book tells me without abating the loyalty and love of either one of us. I could write you many pages of reminiscence, pleasant labor to record and happy for you to read, but as you may know I am still a prisoner of hope and send my thoughts by wireless, of necessity, more than by the pen. But I have a wish born of the hours spent in the past led thither by your book, to lay my heart against yours in tender, loyal love for your mother. The circumstances of my own birth, babyhood and early childhood were so intimately woven with all that she held dearest in principle and in her ties of affection that she used laughingly to call me her first-born and while she lived I had two mothers. Of course, your book reveals much to my eyes of that which you have learned of life; enough is there for me to be glad for. For all your work accomplished, for the dreams come

true, for the appreciation and sympathy given you by your fellows as you have striven to live your ideals, none gives you deeper and warmer congratulations than I. If you ever come our way let me hear of it that we may look into each other's eyes and have a new present together to add to the past so dear to us both—one common heritage of blessed memories."

Would it be right to keep for one's self these splendid thoughts? Would not the mother of the kilted boy of today be glad of the assurance that out of the distant future the voice of some "Cousin May" will call to her own son reminding him of the mother's love that passeth all understanding, of the mother's hope that knows no limits, of the mother's faith that is as imperishable as the stars? And so for my own mother, for the mother of my own boys and for the mother of other boys now growing gray I say God bless our "Cousin Mays" and bless the boys to whom they speak!

## FLOWERS

**O**BITUARY tributes have largely fallen into disrepute because of the exaggeration employed. For instance, costly floral wreaths are laid upon the tombs of men by those who, during all the lifetime of their neighbor, never thought to ease the burden of his life; never thought to give a word of cheer or scatter, above the thorns in his pathway, the forget-me-nots of the angels—those "little, nameless acts of kindness and of love" that have been called "the best remembered portion of a good man's life." If while our neighbor is struggling with his burden which is, in most cases, heavier than we suspect, we would show him one tenth the consideration we do in public in the presence of his bier, this would be a merrier world.

Doubtless the archives of many societies contain extravagant eulogies of men who, during all their lives, were required to run the gauntlet of unfair criticism; and who, misunderstood by the world, lived among great piles of weeds, only, in dying, to be buried beneath an avalanche of flowers.

I want my flowers now. Rather than a

high eulogy uttered when I am in the great hereafter, I would prefer the warm pressure of a hand while I am in the great now. Rather than a pile of costly wreaths laid upon a tomb containing naught but dust, I would choose a single pansy, “purple with love’s wound,” or a clover blossom plucked by gentle hands and given with loving smile and grateful heart to living man.

It has been my observation that, as a rule, men are much better than their credit marks among their generation show. There is no hero who deserves all the praises of his partial friend; there is no other who is entitled to all the censure of his bitter foe. We are wont to boast of our love of justice; yet if we could know the injustice we often do our neighbor we would hang our heads in shame—and we would know if we demanded of him no more in the way of excellence than we ourselves are able to show.

We get out of the world just about what we put into it; and we find in men just about what we look for.

If we carry into the world the seeds of hatred and of greed we will reap as we have sown. If in our intercourse with our fellows we carry a load of suspicion and are sour and

surly we find men suspicious, sour and surly.

But if we plant sunbeams in our world we will reap a harvest of light in our lives. If we go to meet our fellows with love and truth in our hearts, we will find truth and love coming to meet us more than half the way.

There is an allegory written for the little ones but serviceable to the grown folks:

Once upon a time, a Cave lived under the ground, as caves have the habit of doing. It had spent its lifetime in darkness. It heard a voice calling to it, "Come up into the light; come and see the sunshine."

The Cave retorted, "I don't know what you mean; there isn't anything but darkness."

Finally the Cave ventured forth and was surprised to see light everywhere.

Looking up to the Sun the Cave said, "Come with me and see the darkness."

The Sun asked, "What is darkness?"

The Cave replied, "Come and see."

One day the Sun accepted the invitation. As it entered the Cave it said, "Now show me your darkness!"

But there was no darkness.



### "I'M WISHING FOR YOU"

"**M**OTHER'S DAY" was being observed at the state prison. The chapel was crowded with prisoners and visitors. The governor, members of the supreme court of the state and other officials were present. To each prisoner the governor had presented, as his own kind gift, a flower of purest white to aid in the celebration of the day. The one who had been invited to deliver the address on this occasion took for his subject "The Mother Love," and concluded his address in these words:

In a simple yet powerful play a level-headed, level-hearted bishop has secured, in disguise, a position as the servant in the house of his brother—in an atmosphere that seems greatly troubled. The brother, a young clergyman, is beset with theological doubts. His devoted wife is agitated by inordinate ambition. There is in the home a niece, a little girl who has been separated from her father, and on the outskirts of this home is a man who has been separated from his little daughter. The mission of the servant in the house is to restore harmony in that home through the applica-

tion of divine law. Among the many lessons he imparts to the little girl is one to the effect that every good wish you wish will come true if you only wish hard enough. The little girl tells others of her lessons—among them the hopeless, heartless man who is in search of his child.

"But what if you don't know how to wish?" asks the rough man.

"Then," replies the child, "you are to keep on wishing until you learn how to wish hard enough so that every good wish you wish will come true."

Then looking up into the face of the man who, as she knew not then but later learned, was her own father, she asks, "Are you wishing?"

He replies, "I'm trying to."

"What are you wishing?" she asks.

"You tell me what you are wishing," retorts the man.

With an earnest pleading peeping from the windows of her soul the child says, "I am wishing for my father!"

With the tears streaming down his weather-beaten cheeks the man says, "And I'm wishing for my little girl!"

As a result of the ministrations of the servant in the house the theological doubts of

the head of the home vanished; the inordinate ambition of the wife was quelled; the father found his little girl; the little girl found her father, and—under God—every good wish they wished came true!

Standing within the benediction of this holy holiday I find myself wishing. I'm wishing for you! I'm wishing that the "Mother Love" that is "sweeter than all triumph and is stronger than all kings" will bring contentment to every heart that beats within these walls. I'm wishing surcease of sorrow and happiness complete to every one you love. I'm wishing that every flower sent by the governor of our state may prove a sweet harbinger of peace, blessing alike the stalwart man who gave and the stalwart man who receives. I'm wishing that the day will come when men and women may know that no cloud is so dark, no burden so heavy that the cloud may not be penetrated, that the burden may not be dissolved by the power of the mother love—the "Mother Love" that is ever working to the glory of men through the glory of God!

These are the good wishes I am wishing today. May we all "wish them so hard" that they will come true.









